



Sports Illustrated

APRIL 5, 1989 \$5.95 U.S. ONLY

PREVIEW OF THE MASTERS

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Choose your own Wilson golf bag—styled for champions!



You have probably seen the handsome red-and-white Wilson golf bag on televised golf championships, at the U. S. Open, the Masters or other major golf tournaments. It's the bag designed and built for the game's greatest champions—Arnold Palmer, Sam Snead, Billy Casper and other members of the Wilson Golf Advisory Staff.

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leather, colorful wear-resistant vinyl or lightweight long-wearing fabrics from the 1963 Wilson line.

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PLAY TO WIN WITH
Wilson
 Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
 (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)



How to tell when you've "arrived"

When the boss's
secretary knows
how you take your
coffee.

OR

When you realize
that even though
there's more to a
man than meets the
eye...Hart Schaffner
& Marx can do
wonders for the part
that meets the eye.



More and more businessmen
are being splendorized by
the firm, unaffected lines of
the noted Racquet Club cut.
This natural-shoulder favorite
by Hart Schaffner & Marx
is shown here in the color of
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part of today's "lightening
up" tendency. From about \$80

How to take the tension out of your business trips:

WEDNESDAY, 10 A.M. This executive wraps up facts and figures for a sales presentation to be made this afternoon, 360 miles away. He's flying in his own Cessna, so he can take the train. Take-off time: 1 p.m.

NOON. He spends part of his lunch time in a gym. (It's great to loosen up before a business trip. Makes you sharp for the meeting.)

1:25 P.M. He's a little late getting to the airstrip. But it doesn't matter when you have your own Cessna. No schedules, no baggage lines.

2:45 P.M. Arrival. Meeting begins at 3:15 p.m.; lasts 2 hours. Tim answers all questions. Prospect impressed with efficiency. Contract signed. Nothing to do now but relax in the Cessna 310H's big luxurious cabin while it whisks them home.



CESSNA



8:30 P.M. He enjoys dinner with his wife at his favorite restaurant to celebrate the new contract. Nice! The key is...

Fly in your own Cessna 310H!

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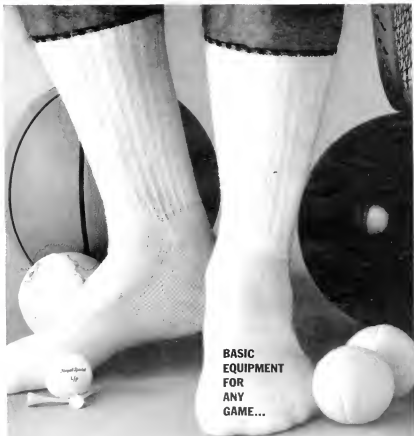


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Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual Baseball issue examines the 20 major league teams and presents their strengths, weaknesses, problems and outlooks in a special 32-page scouting report section, six pages of action color show the wilder side of stadium aspects of baseball. Robert Cramer tells what to look for in the forthcoming season, and Barbara Holman reports on Harmon Killebrew, the American League's leading home run hitter, grade of the surprising Minnesota Twins.



**BASIC
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FOR
ANY
GAME...**

BURLINGTON'S ALL-NEW SPORT SUPPORT SOCK—POWERED WITH VYRENE®!

From the calf-high top, over the ankle and to the heel, these new **Active-8** crew socks have built-in support. And it's **VYRENE** spandex that does the job! **VYRENE** is the great new elastic fiber that holds gently but firmly yet weighs almost nothing. Try a pair—amazing how much fresher you'll feel

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BY THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Mother's day.



Any man who wonders what to get his wife for Mother's Day should don an apron and do a day's dishes. This will take, all told, an hour or so of standing still in one place with your hands in a sink full of greasy water. It also involves trying to get dishes dry with a soggy dish towel.

She does this every day.

But a KitchenAid Dishwasher would reduce the whole operation to pushing a button.

No, she wouldn't have to hand-rinse the dishes first. Not if your dishwasher is a KitchenAid. You put them in dirty, right from the table—piling only to lightly scrape.

The reason for this is the KitchenAid big blue wash arm—the most effective wash arm on any dishwasher. You might expect it to be, because we make the dishwashing equipment for most fine hotels, restaurants, and hospitals. If anybody knows how to make a dishwasher that works, we do.

And it isn't at all uncommon to meet KitchenAid owners

whose dishwashers have never had a service call in 7, 8 and 9 years.

That's a very big reason why more than half the KitchenAid Dishwashers sold are bought on the recommendation of somebody who already has one. And why we honestly believe you, too, will want a KitchenAid—especially when you have compared it with others.

You'll find there's a KitchenAid Dishwasher exactly right for your kitchen and budget.

Once you do a day's worth of dishes for your wife, you will see why you should have a KitchenAid.

And if you often do dishes, why haven't you thought of this before? Buy a KitchenAid for Mother's Day. She'll think it's for her!

Interested? Send for free booklet "KitchenAid Dishwasher Comparison Chart". KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, Dept. KS1-3, The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio.



KitchenAid

DISHWASHERS

in a
moment
ma'm

Yes, it only takes a moment to select exactly the right cutting height on a MOTO-MOWER. This convenient fingertip control is typical of the many convenience features you'll find on all MOTO-MOWER quality power mowers.

Ask your nearby MOTO-MOWER dealer to show you the right model for your lawn. He has a complete line of MOTO-MOWER rotaries, reels and riding mowers.

The "extras" are standard on MOTO-MOWER.

• The Rangers last won the cup in 1940, and the Bruins in 1941. The Rangers have reached the Stanley Cup finals only once since 1940 (lost to Detroit in 1950, four games to three). The Bruins have appeared five times in the cup finals since their last championship (1942, 1946, 1953, 1957 and 1958).

continued

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DUDE RANCH & COUNTRY CLUB
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The only 18-hole course in the Gulf
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heated pool, tennis, boat master, trout
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prices start at \$18.
From our clubhouse and water
sliding also available.
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Golfing facilities

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Male delirious rant on your camp stove, grill, campfire, fire-alarm, gas range, \$1.00/postpaid. New stainless steel equal \$2.00/postpaid. Send 25¢ for big 128-page camping and house-ware catalog.



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Research scientists, in university laboratories, see evidence in their experiments with mice that a virus causes leukemia. If human leukemia is caused by a virus, how can we speed the search for a vaccine that will prevent this form of cancer? The American Cancer Society is spending \$2,000,000 this year on leukemia-related research. It should be spending much more. It can't unless you help. Send money.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
To cure more, give more

Public Affairs Committee Bulletin No. 101, 1942



shoe news from the Bates ChairMan:

Phi Bates Imperial Classics are authentically lasted and traditionally crafted for undergrads and alumni alike. The ChairMen wear two perennial favorites: right, the plain toe cordovan; left, the stout-hearted wingtip in hand antiqued Briarhide calf. Both are about \$25. Other Phi Bates from \$19.95 at fine stores everywhere. Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts.

Bloomingdale's, New York & branches • Jordan Marsh, Boston • Muse's, Atlanta • L. Strauss & Co Indianapolis • M. Gilbert & Sons, South Bend • Juster's, Minneapolis • The Kleinhans Co., Buffalo
Sterling's Men's & Boys', Fort Lauderdale • Bullock's (downtown), Los Angeles



HERE'S SPRING with the FRINGE on TOP!

There's an extra filip to Spring at The Greenbrier—as holiday-gay as the festive fringe on the brass-bright carriages that are so much a part of The Greenbrier's pleasure-full way of life. Come enjoy the season where all is perfection—the golf (with 3 great championship courses), the tennis, riding, swimming . . . the sparkling social activity . . . the incomparable cuisine. For reservations, information, write to Dept. CC.

Treat the children to a delight-filled Wizard-of-Oz Easter Weekend, April 11-15. Make reservations now.

The
Greenbrier
White Sulphur Springs
West Virginia
White Sulphur Springs 110

POINT OF FACT *continued*

? Has any team ever won the Stanley Cup playoffs without losing a game?

• Yes. In 1952 the Red Wings won four straight from Toronto in the semifinals (Goalie Terry Sawchuk shut out the Maple Leafs in the first two games) and four straight from the Canadiens in the finals (Sawchuk shut out Montreal in the last two games, and overall allowed only five goals in the playoffs). Montreal also swept the Stanley Cup playoffs with eight straight wins over Chicago and Toronto in 1960.

? Has any goalie besides Terry Sawchuk registered four shutouts in a Stanley Cup playoff?

• Yes. Clint Benedict of the Montreal Maroons (1928) and Dave Kerr of the Rangers (1937) had four shutouts in nine games. In 1945 Frank McCool of Toronto had four shutouts in 13 games. Three of them were in succession against the Red Wings in the finals. Overall, Turk Broda of Toronto leads all goalies with 12 shutouts in 13 Stanley Cup series.

? What player scored the most points in a Stanley Cup playoff?

• In 1955 Gordie Howe of Detroit scored 20 points (9 goals, 11 assists) in 11 games. Three players have scored 19 points: Ted Lindsay of Detroit in 1955 (7 goals, 12 assists), Jean Beliveau of Montreal in 1956 (a record 12 goals, 7 assists in 10 games) and Fleming Mackell of Boston in 1958 (15 goals, a record 14 assists in 12 games).

? Maurice Richard of the Canadiens holds more Stanley Cup playoff records than any other NHL player. What are some of his records?

• Richard scored 126 points (a record 82 goals, 44 assists) in 133 playoff games (15 Stanley Cup series). He is tied with Jean Beliveau for most goals in a single playoff series (12 goals in nine games in 1944); he scored three goals or more in one game seven times; he scored 18 winning goals (16 in overtime games). In a semifinal game against Toronto in 1944 Richard scored all of the Canadiens' goals to beat the Maple Leafs 5-1.

? What was the highest scoring five in a Stanley Cup playoff?

• In 1955 Detroit's first line of Center Earl Reibel, Right Wing Gordie Howe and Left Wing Ted Lindsay scored 51 points in 11 games against the Maple Leafs and the Canadiens.

MW4



THE TOURNAMENT
OF CHAMPIONS MAY
2-5

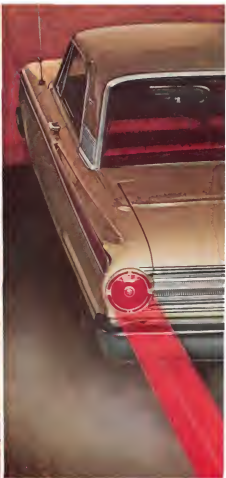
\$60,000,000 to Golfers \$35,000,000 to Damon Runyon Fund

THE WORLD'S BEST GOLF, PLAYED
BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROS!

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Bobby Nichols • Johnny Pott
Lionel Hebert • Al Johnston • Gene
Littler • Jack Nicklaus • Doug Ford
Jacky Cupit • Bill Collins • Bruce
Crampton • Gary Player • Ted Kroll
Bob Goalby • Doug Sanders • Billy
Maxwell • Al Geiberger • Tony Lema
Dave Ragan • John Barnum • Bo
Wininger • Gardner Dickinson
Jack Burke, Jr. • Don January
Plus Others

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Week! APRIL 29-MAY 5
7 DAYS OF FUN, FRIVOLITY & GOLF

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ON NBC-TV-MAY 5



Wait till you feel Fairlane's Sunday punch!

It's got enough solid sock to make even sports car buffs put on their driving gloves. Because there's 271 horsepower behind this V-8 punch*... 107 more than Fairlane's ever had before! And to make this new Challenger 289 V-8 really sing, there's a whip-quick four-speed* gearbox hooked to a man-sized lever on the floor.

Real drivers will also appreciate the form-fitting hug of foam-soft bucket seats separated by a handy console. Even

though this one is a big package of tigerish performance it can still purr softly around town. Milder versions—if you can call 145 or 164 horsepower mild—are also on tap with Fordomatic or fully-synchronized three-speed manual transmission. This three-speed... the only one in America... lets you slip smoothly into low while moving.

Remember... no need to shadowbox in Ford's nimble middleweight. It's got a

Sunday punch that will make even an expert sit up and drive. Try it at your Ford Dealer... and don't forget to bring along your open-backed gloves!

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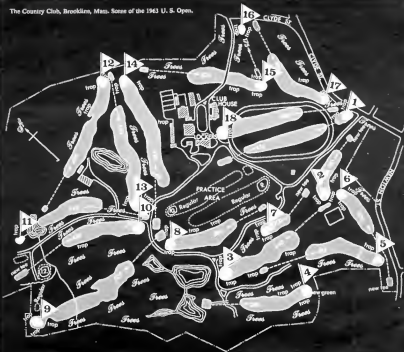
Put out the bottle that shows you know SCOTCH!
 Enjoy the extra smoothness that has always given
 "Black & White" a light, bright character all its own.

"BLACK & WHITE"
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The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Scene of the 1963 U. S. Open.



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OR ONE OF 499 OTHER PRIZES. READ THE BACK OF THESE TICKETS...

1ST PRIZE—Expense-paid week for two at the U.S. Open. Spalding will foot the bill while you and a companion take in the U.S. Open Golf Tournament. It will be played at The Country Club in Brookline, Massachusetts. Spalding will fly you from wherever you live in the U.S., put you up in fine style in nearby Boston. Sightsee, meet top golfers, enjoy yourself for the week of June 17-22. All on Spalding.

2ND PRIZE—RCA Color Television Console.

3RD-4TH PRIZES—RCA Portable Television set.

5TH-9TH PRIZES—Complete Spalding golf outfit. A set of Robt. T. Jones, Jr. Poly-Powered Registered woods. A set of Robt. T. Jones, Jr. Registered irons. An extra-large Spalding golf bag to carry them in. Equivalent outfit for lady winners.

10TH-34TH PRIZES—RCA Victor transistor radio.

35TH-134TH PRIZES—One dozen Spalding Air-Flite or Super Kro-Flite golf balls.

135TH-500TH PRIZES—One dozen Spalding Star-Flite golf balls.

SPALDING

Quality at your feet



Prize calfskin, and only \$16.99

Any shoe expert will tell you that calfskin is the "filet mignon" of leathers.

It's made from select young hides. It's exceptionally soft and supple, surprisingly durable, and takes a deep, lustrous shine again and again. And it's usually priced accordingly.

But not this Roblee. The calfskin which goes into the upper of this shoe is every bit as rich and mellow as the leather you

find in shoes costing \$20 and more. Branded with the Roblee name, it's just \$16.99.

There's another big bargain in this shoe: comfort.

Because inside there's a deep foam cushion that pillows your foot from your toes back to your heel. That's the kind of comfort you usually find only in casual shoes.

Roblee has some great bargains for you in casuals, too, but try the calfskin first. In antiqued brown or black.

Shoe illustrated, \$6.99. Most styles, \$9.99 to \$18.99. Higher Denver West.

ROBLEE

Roblee® Name. Brown Shoe Company of New York, Inc.



WHO IS THE ALE MAN?

Colin E. Ratsey

Sail manufacturer for America's top winners... Company President... Ale man Colin E. Ratsey is the sixth generation of his family, since 1790, to head the famous sail-making firm of Ratsey & Lapthorn, Inc.

A MAN WITH A THIRST FOR A MANLIER BREW

For Colin Ratsey, the end of a deep water race brings a chance to enjoy the deep satisfaction of an ale—totally different, completely rewarding. For Ale man Ratsey, it's always Ballantine Ale! No one has ever equaled the superior flavor of this original true ale formula. Masterfully brewed for unique, change-of-pace flavor—that's Ballantine Ale. It's the choice of 3 out of 4 Ale men, among all national brands!



Bolder,
keener,
more to
the point...

© Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Let it make an Ale man out of you!

BALLANTINE Ale

EMS



New 16' Custom Ski Boat (top) seats 6, is trailerable \$2995, only \$70 mo. New 26' Futura (middle) sleeps 4, V8 power \$5795, \$110 mo. (Higher in water) Stately 35' Yacht (bottom) has private staterooms fore and aft, two lavatories. Sleeps six, twin V-8's \$13,895, \$317 mo. Cruiser seats, bow and side rails optional extras. FOB prices subject to change.



**Cavalier has
'em all beat
- coming or going!**

If you're looking for a sport boat, family cruiser, or yacht, see the new Cavaliers before you buy. Cavalier is head and shoulders above the others in its class. Starting with a stronger, more seaworthy, softer-riding hull, Cavalier craftsmen add comfort, utility, and luxury. Then Chris-Craft stylists contribute the taste and flair that set Cavalier apart from all others (and set the pace for the industry). And in spite of all its good looks, quality and top performance, the price you pay for your Cavalier is surprisingly low. Stop in and see the new models at your Cavalier dealer's soon. For literature, write Cavalier Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida.

World's largest builder of motor boats

Chris-Craft
Cavalier, Sea Skiff, Roamer, and Chris-Craft Divisions

SCORECARD

TRACK'S COLD WAR HEATS UP

The Amateur Athletic Union, an organization which must hold world records in the standing about-face and the twist, has recently been giving exhibitions in both of these rather dubious skills. First, after agreeing to give automatic sanction to any open track meet conducted by the U.S. Track and Field Federation, the AAU forced Parry O'Brien to withdraw from the first USTFF indoor championships in Milwaukee, threatening to suspend him from international competition should he compete.

Now the AAU, having asked for a letter of clarification from General Douglas MacArthur, the arbitrator who negotiated the present uneasy peace between the AAU and the USTFF, has distorted the intent of the letter to claim that it gives it complete control over open track and field, which, in fact, it does not.

The AAU maintains that international rules require "the withdrawal of an AAU sanction if USTFF forces acceptance of a sanction upon a meet director." What MacArthur really said was: "No international body . . . can properly establish rules governing an intra-American athletic competition."

Confronted by this misinterpretation, the USTFF met in Kansas City this week to consider what course to adopt. "We will take a much firmer position," said an indignant Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, upon the eve of the meeting. "This has gone on long enough."

Indeed it has, and the USTFF, which controls almost all the athletes and facilities in track and field, is in a position to force the AAU to abide by its own agreements.

GOLF AND TAXES

Like many businessmen, those who guide the financial ways of the nation's golf clubs are taking a hard look at their tax situations this year. For one thing, with government curbs on expense-account spending, they look forward to reduced revenues.

Some of the hard facts were presented this weekend to the Massachusetts Golf Association by Walter A. Slowinski, lawyer and tax expert with a Washington firm. There are no less than 28 different taxes that may be imposed on a golf course, ranging from social security to liquor. On the 20% club-dues tax alone, some \$70 million is collected annually. Indeed, of all the "temporary" 20% wartime taxes imposed during World War II, only two remain—those on sports-club dues and those on admissions to racetracks. The 20% cabaret, jewelry and fur taxes all have been reduced to 10%, but golf clubs don't have Washington lobbies.

Now a new tax form—2845—is being sent to the nation's golf clubs. It appears designed to disqualify a club's tax-exempt status if the club is being used extensively for outside parties, weddings, Rotary and Kiwanis meetings and the like. Some clubs, indeed, Slowinski said, are in danger of finding themselves in a 52% corporate tax bracket if they cater to a large number of outside groups.

THE ALL-ROUND KID

The greatest prep athlete in the U.S. most likely is Neil Roberts of Cedar City High School, Cedar City, Utah. Some of his secondary achievements as a junior include making All-State in football and basketball and playing a topnotch first base for the baseball team. But these, as we say, are secondary. It is in track and field that Neil really shines.

For instance, consider what he did at last year's annual trackfest, given by Brigham Young University for high school kids, who troop in from all over the West, quite a few of them pretty fair athletes. The trackfest's most exciting competition is the "all-round," which is sort of a nine-event decathlon. Roberts won it with a score of 7,144 points, 500 points better than the previous record. In many years 4,300 to 4,500 points were enough to win. Here is a rundown on Roberts' performance:

High jump 6 feet 1 1/4 inches, discus 126 feet 7 inches, pole vault 11 feet, 440-

yard dash 55.5 seconds, 100-yard dash 10.6 seconds, 180 low hurdles 21.1 seconds, shotput 43 feet 8 inches, broad jump 22 feet 7 inches, javelin 175 feet 6 inches.

This year Roberts has exceeded all these marks in practice. His coach says that he will score 10,000 points when the trackfest is held April 20. Roberts is more modest.

"I hope I'll get more than 9,000," he says, "but 10 . . . ?"

Well, 9,000 isn't bad.

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM

Jim (Dad) Buntin celebrated his 83rd birthday the other day and his 35th year of participation in what may be the oldest continuous nonflouting checkers game in history. Since 1928 Dad Buntin has played, taking on all comers, just about every day of the year in the back room of Guinn's newsstand, which is situated in the little North Texas town of Graham (population: 8,505) and is home grounds of the Charter Checker Club. The club was founded when C. W. Guinn's sister gave him an elegant inlaid checkerboard. Dad was one of the first



players. He is now the game's acknowledged champion.

Since 1928 dozens of checkerboards have worn out in furious, checker-smashing play. The first was retired, reluctantly, in 1938, by which time it was no longer possible to distinguish black squares from red. That was the year C. W. sold the newsstand to his brother Fred, with the proviso that the checkers matches continue. Fred has been faithful, though

continued



Finally... a puncture-sealing premium tire built for people

B. F. GOODRICH

THIS NEW WORRY-FREE BIG EDGE TIRE SEALS PUNCTURES PERMANENTLY, MAY WELL BE THE ONLY TIRE YOUR CAR EVER NEEDS!

Here at last are tires you can put on your car and forget for years to come! For these new LIFE-SAVER 880's are the strongest, safest tires B.F. Goodrich has ever built. No puncture is going to stop you if you're riding on LIFE-SAVERS, because a special sealant inside



who never want to worry about tires again!

LIFE-SAVER 880

the tire seals holes instantly...and permanently. Mileage? If you're an average driver, one set of LIFE-SAVERS should last you as long as you keep your car. This is a Big Edge Tire. It has extra rubber on its edges...where tires work most, wear most. In fact, LIFE-SAVER 880 has more than twice as much rubber on its edges as most other premium tires! Like to forget tires for a while? Then see the new worry-free 880 at your BFG dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.



B.F. Goodrich



Young Kyle Rote, Jr., likes this suit because it lets him relax, stay neat, too. It's got "Dacron"

"Dacron" lets a guy relax without looking wrinkled. He can depend on this suit of "Dacron" and worsted to keep him neat, looking his best. With "Dacron", the press in a suit stays put whatever the weather. Try this smooth-fitting suit with the "contour collar" today. Sizes 6-12, 13-16, 17-18, available at all fine stores. Tailoring you can depend on by the **PALM BEACH COMPANY**

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER DRYING



SCORECARD *(continued)*

he couldn't care less about checkers. "I couldn't beat a 10-year-old," he says.

All the regular players are more than 50 years old, in large part because Dad Buntin insists on a decorous game.

"We don't let the kids play," Dad explains, "because they think it's grown-up to swear."

Through the years the game has been played daily, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., except when a member has died. When that happens the board is turned over in mourning for a day.

A lady once protested the game. Every time her husband turned up missing, she said, he could be found in Guinn's back room.

"Would you prefer looking for him in out-of-town bars?" Fred Guinn inquired, and has had no further wifely complaints.

SPORTING MATH BOOK

Miss Sharon Martin, a math major at St. Norbert College in West De Pere, Wis., near Green Bay, does practice-teaching on the side. She is also a Packer fan, as are her algebra pupils in the West De Pere school. It is only natural, therefore, that Miss Martin's algebra problems be stated like this:

"Two times Willie Wood plus Packer X equals Ron Kramer minus Bart Starr. Who is Packer X?"

It turns out to be Tom Moore (No. 25) because, as every kid in Miss Martin's class knows, Wood's number is 24. Kramer's is 88 and Starr's is 15.

"I thought I caught one of the fellows reading a magazine in class," Miss Martin said the other day, "but it turned out that it was a Packer roster." The boy was just studying his algebra.

BIG BAD BILL IS DEAD

With commendable good judgment, Nevada politicians have taken a second look at a bill that would have done boxing far more harm than good and would have handed a bonanza to crooked gamblers. The bill (SCORECARD, March 25) would have required the referee to declare a fight "no contest" in the event of a serious foul. A losing boxer could thereby easily save himself from defeat by fouling his opponent. Nevertheless the bill passed both Senate and Assembly and went to Governor Grant Sawyer for his signature. It had, in fact, been slipped into the legislative hopper by a senator who had not bothered to seek

continued



"Make Mine Martin's"

The only all extra quality Scotch
(it's on the label and in the bottle)



Wear-Dated stripes are guaranteed. You have nothing to lose but your inhibitions.

These Wonderknight® Lord Blair® knit shirts are 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber, the richest of wash-and-wear. And they're Wear-Dated: unconditionally guaranteed for one year's normal wear. Replacement or refund by Chemstrand — read the Wear-Dated tag.



See them in living color at fine stores everywhere. Long and short sleeves. Styles for boys, from \$3.50. For men, from \$5.00. Chemstrand, N.Y. 1, a Division of Monsanto Chemical Company, makes Acrilan acrylic fiber. The shirts are by **Lord Blair**.

TRUST THE BIG RED "A"

BUY WHEN YOU SEE THIS TAG.

the advice of any of the Nevada boxing commissioners.

The Senate has now withdrawn it after learning that the commission, far from approving the bill, as had been represented, had not even heard of it and disapproved strongly when it learned of the provisions.

NO "LOVE" IN THIS GAME

Now that the Southeastern Conference permits women to compete in all varsity sports on an equal basis with men, things have begun to happen—some pleasant, some not so. On the pleasant side was the presence of two girls, Martha Leveritt and Pam Hayes, on the Tulane University swimming team. The girls didn't do so well in competition, but the boys were so inspired by their presence that they won their first team victory in three years.

By contrast there was the dreadful experience of Rick Wise of Spring Hill (Ala.) College. Alabama coed Robert Alton defeated him in tennis 6-0, 6-0. "It's good for a man's humility," Rick said bravely, swallowing hard.

Some of us men took solace from the belief that this was an isolated incident. But now Carol Hanks, the nation's 12th-ranked female tennis player, has joined the Washington University (St. Louis) varsity, despite teammates' avowals that they would "rather win or lose without her." Illinois Coach Howie Braun has flatly refused to let his Illini play Washington U. if Miss Hanks takes the court. After all, "Illini" a name is proud as the aboriginal Algonquians themselves—means, simply, "the men."

THEY SAID IT

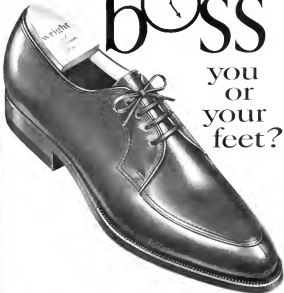
• Jim Ewell, Houston Colt trainer, after veteran Catcher Hal Smith suffered two split fingers: "Usually it takes 10 days for an injury like that to heal. But with all the fine young catchers in this camp it shouldn't take Hal that long."

• Gabriel Korobkov, Russian track and field coach: "So an American walks 50 miles in one day—what of it? Tomorrow, he catches a taxicab again to go four blocks."

• Clay Stapleton, Iowa State football coach, maintaining that the construction of new visiting-team dressing rooms will aid his team's record: "The quarters used to be so bad that opponents got mad while they were dressing and then took their mad out on us." **END**

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you
or
your
feet?



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Sports
Illustrated
APRIL 1, 1963

DEATH OF A CHAMPION

Battered helpless by Sugar Ramos, Champion Davey Moore sits on the canvas at Dodger Stadium a moment after his head bounced off the ring ropes. An hour later Moore fell into a deep coma, and three days later he died, setting off new demands from California to Rome that boxing be outlawed

by MORTON SHARNIK





CONTINUED

'TRAGEDY IS A THING FIGHTERS MUST LIVE WITH'

Little Davey Moore sat on the edge of the rubbing table in his dressing room at Dodger Stadium. Except for a blood-shot left eye, his face was unmarked. It was hard to believe that he had just lost his world featherweight championship in a savage fight with Sugar Ramos, a Cuban expatriate. The fight had been scheduled for 15 rounds, but in the 10th Moore took such a pounding that his manager, Willie Ketchum, asked the referee to stop it after the bell rang for the end of the round.

Yet for all the battering Moore had taken, here he was, last Thursday night, talking and joking with reporters while Ketchum rubbed him down with a towel. "I'll take the rematch, you better believe it," Moore said. "Look, you guys know that when I'm right nothing gets to me. Not nothing. I was off. That's it plain and simple." He laughed and added, "Just like you writers, if you'd only admit it. Can't write a lick some days. Well, that was me tonight. I just wasn't up to my best."

The newsmen jotted down the quotes and left. The Moore-Ramos fight was only the second of three championship bouts on one card, and the final fight, between Roberto Cruz of the Philippines and Bautista Torres of Mexico—for the so-called junior welterweight title—was ready to start. But no sooner had the reporters hurried out than Moore clasped both hands to the back of his head and cried out to Ketchum, "My head, Willie! My head! It hurts something awful!" With that, he collapsed into unconsciousness. Ketchum called for an ambulance, and Moore was taken to White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles.

On Monday morning, 75 hours later, Davey Moore died—the second world champion to lose his life within a year. Last March Benny Paret died from the battering he got from Emile Griffith in their welterweight championship fight in Madison Square Garden. Ever since then, boxing has been under fire, particularly in California, where Governor Pat Brown called for abolition of the sport after Heavyweight Alejandro Lora was knocked into a coma last September. Still unconscious, Lora remains in a hospital only a few miles from Moore's deathbed.

As might have been expected, Gover-

nor Brown was quick to issue a statement on the Moore affair. Before the press and TV cameras he again demanded the abolition of boxing, which he termed a "barbaric spectacle," and said he would seek to have the voters ban it. To do this he must persuade the state legislature to put his proposal on the ballot as a constitutional amendment. The earliest this can be done is next year.

Sol Silverman, a San Francisco attorney named by the governor to investigate boxing, publicly disagreed. Instead of abolishing the sport, Silverman suggested that the State Athletic Commission adopt new safety measures. "Professional boxing," he said, "has a chance by cleaning itself up to take a part in the President's physical fitness program."

However, there were many echoes of Governor Brown's demand. Senator Kefauver planned to reintroduce his bill for federal regulation. In Paris a headline read DAVEY MOORE LATEST VICTIM OF FIGHT MOB. The semi-official Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, condemned boxing as "morally illicit," and on the next day Pope John himself denounced fistfighting as "contrary to natural principles."

By a ghastly quirk, Emile Griffith, the fighter who started the uproar last year by battering Paret, was on the same championship card as Moore. He and Luis Rodriguez, another Cuban expatriate, met in the first fight for the welterweight title. There was a fine crowd of more than 26,000 on hand, most of them Cuban or Mexican *famintos*, who had come with castanets, maracas, hongo drums and horns to urge the Latin fighters to victory. The Rodriguez-Griffith fight was close. When Rodriguez got the decision the *famintos* whooped it up.

The Davey Moore-Sugar Ramos fight aroused the *famintos* to an even higher pitch. Moore had been an outstanding champion, and he was favored 2 to 1. But Ramos, only 21 years old, came into the ring with a remarkable record: 40 victories, one draw, 30 knockouts in 41 fights. Four years ago, in Havana, a preliminary fighter named Tigre Blanco died after Ramos knocked him out.

The Moore fight was a fierce but cleanly fought battle. As the fury and punishment mounted round after round,

Ramos and Moore seemed joined in a brotherhood of courage. When the bell sounded for the end of a round, they stopped their assaults as if frozen, then patted one another admiringly before heading to their corners. Moore started first, and in the second round he caught Ramos with chopping combinations that left Sugar stunned and wobbling. Each time he was hurt, his partisans would chant, "Ra-MOS, Ra-MOS, Ra-MOS," and Sugar would respond with a rally. In the third Ramos changed his tactics. Instead of moving into the body,



he stayed outside and started knocking Moore off balance with a vicious, twisting left jab. In the fifth the jab sent Moore reeling across the ring. A shove sent him down, but the referee, George Latka, rightly ruled it a slip. Moore arose and belted Ramos with a right. The Cuban countered with five straight jabs and a right cross that sent Moore's mouthpiece flying and cracked it in several places. Moore kept using it even though it cut his mouth and forced him to swallow blood. In the corner Ketchum had another mouthpiece. It wouldn't fit over Moore's loosened teeth.

In the eighth Moore's right hummered Ramos' eye to a slit, but Ramos kept

belting Moore with the left. At the end of the ninth Ramos shook Moore with a saring right. When the bell rang for the 10th Moore charged from his corner and struck Ramos with two solid rights. Ramos fought back and Moore went into a clinch. The *fanáticos* yelled, "*¡Arrriba! arriba!*" and Ramos whipped five uppercuts that sent Moore stumbling across the ring. A quick tattoo of snapping jabs, followed by a right hand, dropped him to the canvas on the seat of his pants. He landed with such force that the back of his head bounced off the lowest strand of the ring ropes. Moore got to his feet at the count of three. Referee Latka dusted off Moore's gloves and sent him back in

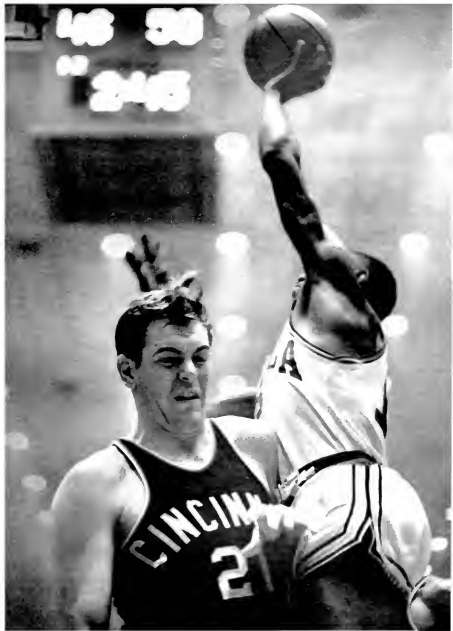
at the end of the mandatory eight count.

"Moore's eyes looked O.K.," Latka said later, "although the thought ran through my mind that Davey was taking some hard blows. His arms were moving and his reflexes still seemed to be all right. He appeared to be very, very weary, but his eyes were real clear, real sharp, real alert." But, curiously, Latka added that he "had been worried about Moore's legs from the start. Frankly, I've never seen him flounder so much with his footwork. He didn't move like he did in the past. He was tangled up all the time. From the first round on his legs weren't working right. He didn't move like he usually does."

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With the end of the fatal 10th round only seconds away, Referee George Latka restrains Ramos as the beaten Moore collapses over rope





THE RAMBLERS WRECK CINCY

Conservative Cincinnati had its third straight national championship all but won. Then brash Loyola broke through the Bearcat stall for an almost unbelievable last-second victory

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

In the dark of the early morning on the day his team was to win the national championship and save Cincinnati from the extravagance of being champion three years in a row, Loyola Coach George Ireland got out of bed at Louisville's Sheraton Hotel and headed for the shower. "I can't sleep," he told his wife Gertrude. "Every time I close my eyes I see basketball players running up and down the floor." "I do, too," said Gertrude. "So while you're up, bring me a glass of ice water, will you please? My mouth is dry." Down the hall in another room, their daughter Kathy, who leads cheers for the Loyola team and who is herself an aspiring insomniac, put a pillow over her pretty ears in a last-ditch effort to shut out the Cincinnati fans singing *Jeune Lovers*. Me at an irreverent pitch in the room next door. She tried to say her prayers and found it was no use because "I kept seeing myself kicking up another Loyola cheer: 'one, two, one-two-three...'"

Not too long after that, Coach Ireland dressed and went downstairs for a team meeting, only to discover he was an hour early. He came back up again. "I've got the best basketball team in the country," he announced to his wife. "I know you do, George," she said. "Tonight we'll prove it," he said. "But, oh, boy, what a critical audience to have to play to—750 coaches—and their wives." Gertrude Ireland laughed.

Meanwhile, around the corner at the

Kentucky Hotel in an executive suite 12 stories higher than Ireland's room at the Sheraton, Coach Ed Jucker of Cincinnati got up from what he said had been a "good night's sleep" and busied himself with final preparations for his team's defense of the championship. "No one has ever won three in a row," he said, "and we want to very badly. I feel we can." If he had dreamed, it would surely not have been of these things: of his unprejudiced, unperturbable, grade-A homogenized Bearcats frittering away a 15-point lead quickly, like sugar pouring through a hole in a sack of the Bearcats making more fielding mistakes than Marx Throneberry, getting into bad foul trouble, failing to call time out when 19,153 second-guessers (including the 750 coaches in town for their annual meeting) at Freedom Hall knew it was the only thing to do, lurching into overtime with the play taken away from them, being upstaged in the final scene by somebody else's stall tactics, and, in the very last second of an overtime period, losing to Loyola of Chicago 60-58. That's not the stuff of dreams, it's the stuff of nightmares. It is also exactly what happened to Ed Jucker's Cincinnati team last weekend in Louisville.

Up to the moments of that crushing climax, Louisville had belonged to Jucker's favored Bearcats. Aapel was not stylish if it wasn't panned with a "Cincy" button, and if you were undecided, the hawkers along Fourth Street would sell

you an "I Like Sex" badge, same price Jucker's boys peered out from glossy pictures in jewelry store windows. The handsome Jucker family (wife and four kids) smiled two columns wide from the pages of *The Courier-Journal* and the coach was revealed to be a "chicken-and-ham" eater.

The town was alive to the prospect of seeing Jucker's expert stylists match up with Loyola or Duke, the speed entries, in the championship game (Oregon State simply did not figure to have a chance in its Friday night semifinal with the Bearcats). You couldn't buy a ticket either night even if you were Happy Chandler. One Cincinnati group of 13 had reserved hotel rooms a year ago—but didn't have seat one in Freedom Hall for Friday. Another Cincinnati rooter, a lady, walked around town with a sign hung around her neck: "Wanted, desperately, two tickets for tonight."

But if Louisville was familiar with the champion Bearcats, what of Coach Ireland? If the truth were known, he, too, was very familiar with Cincy. This is the kind of confidence George Ireland has, he began sending his scouts to see Cincinnati play as early as last December, knowing full well the only chance he had of ever meeting the Bearcats would be in the championship game in Louisville. And to get that far, his Ramblers had to swim the Tiber, climb Kailashjaro and go over Niagara Falls in a grocery bag. Naturally, they did those things

continued

Leaping high over Ron Banham, who didn't dare risk another foul, Jerry Hickness gets off the crucial jump shot that brought Loyola within two points of struggling Cincinnati less than three minutes before the end

with ease. In earlier rounds of the NCAA tournament they knocked off the South-eastern Conference champion (Mississippi State), the Big Ten co-champion (Illinois) and, in their semifinal in Louisville on Friday, Atlantic Coast Conference champion Duke, 94-75. When Ireland and Assistant Nick Klaidis sat down to watch Cincinnati take Oregon State apart 80-46 in the second game, it was the 10th time one or the other had seen the Bearcats this season. By contrast, Jucker said he had scouted Loyola only twice.

Loyola players call Ireland "The Man" and they hold him in awe. He is athletic

director as well as basketball coach at the sprawling Chicago school, and on especially busy days—e.g., when his part-time secretary isn't there—he is known to be quite grim. Other times, most of the time, he is animated and waggish.

On basketball theory, however, Ireland is single-minded. He plays to run and shoot. "The object of the game is to put the ball in the basket," he says, and Loyola does it with greater regularity than any team in the country. He defies you to say his attack lacks order. "Undisciplined? You called us undisciplined?" He challenged a writer who had

been so unschooled as to use such a sloppy word. "Listen," he said. "When I tell these boys to sweat, they sweat."

"This is a good bunch of kids," he continued. "Relaxed but sensitive. Leslie Hunter gets tears in his eyes when you correct him. Of course, everybody says we don't play much of a schedule, and we've got a fat little guy (5 feet 9) at guard in Johnny Egan, and Jerry Harkness shoots two-handed foul shots. Nobody seemed to want him until he came with us and made All-Americans."

On the day of the championship game, Ireland sat in conference with his assist-

THE ALMOST PERFECT PILGRIMAGE OF BOOP AND HIS GROUP

Lung for lung, Cincinnati's basketball boosters are the loudest, brashiest, wildest and usually happiest in all the land. Whether in field houses during games or on the streets later on, they shout, scream,

end on the court, it was certainly Cincinnati's weekend on the town. Their enthusiasm was delightful indeed. Take, for example, Boop Rodenberg (below), a slightly round-shouldered man of 41

cisco, so it was only natural that they should all be in Louisville. Boop and his wife arrived early and checked into the Sheraton Hotel, where they had reserved nine rooms and a party suite on the ninth floor for the gang. They had the same room the year before, and Boop had scared the wits out of everyone by climbing out the window, standing on the narrow balcony and shouting the glories of Cincinnati to the town below. It was when he casually flipped a beer can into the street that his friends hauled him back inside. "It was an empty can," he protested.

Before he unpacked, Rodenberg removed his sign from its special black leather traveling case and hung it in the party suite. The sign is a

strip of window shade eight feet long on which is painted in big red and black letters: NCAA—CINCINNATI ALL THE WAY. Boop made the sign a year ago before Cincinnati's conference playoff game with Bradley. Since then, he and his friends have had to defend it against repeated attacks. On the trip to play Bradley, for instance, Rodenberg strapped his sign to the side of the chartered bus in which he was riding. A car pulled alongside the bus and its occupants tried to rip the sign off, but Boop countered by spraying the attackers with seltzer water, driving them off. Shortly thereafter, the sign was torn and partially burned by some students at another game. The scars show, but the sign is still intact.



sing, stomp, whistle, clap, clang and toot longer and louder than any of their competitors. "It's easy to tell when you're on the same block with Cincinnati fans," said a flinching coach last weekend. He was being conservative. It's easy to tell when you are in the same state with Cincinnati fans.

Last Friday the Bearcat worshippers made a pilgrimage to Louisville, 3,000 strong—congressman, mayor, corporation presidents included—to watch their team try for its third straight national championship, and if it was not to be Cincinnati's week-

who follows the Bearcats as if attached by a rope. Rodenberg's first name is Richard, but so many people call him Boop that he has two lines in the phone book, one for Richard, one for Boop. He lives on the west side of Cincinnati with his wife, Mary. He owns a small lighting-fixture company, is not an unfamiliar face at the Western Hills Country Club and watches every Cincinnati home game. So do all of Boop's friends. Boop's group also has traveled to most of Cincinnati's NCAA tournament games in the past four years, places like Kansas City and San Fran-



ants at the Sheraton. "Can we board [outbound] Cincinnati?" he asked, and answered himself, "I think we can. Can we press them? I think we can. We'll drive on them, drive for the basket. We'll make them play our game instead of standing around like they do. I think we can make them foul, and I don't think their big boy [George Wilson] is strong enough to handle ours [Hunter]. But Vic Rouse will have to be alert when they start picking off for that Ron Bonham."

Jucker makes it easy to plot his strategies because he wrote a book on the

subject, *Cincinnati Power Basketball*, and, being prim about it, is not wont to deviate from the text. He depends on execution, and no one will deny that Jucker's teams have been the best executioners in the business for three years. "He gives us three weeks of defense before we're allowed a shot in scrimmage," says Bonham. "Even a loose defensive player like me learned something."

The sell-out-and-then-some crowd in Freedom Hall that night fretted as Duke squashed Oregon State in the consolation game 85-63, and then settled down to savor the sight of offense with a big

"O" against defense with a big "D." The game had hardly begun, however, when it looked as if the fastest guns in basketball weren't going to maim anybody but themselves. They missed 13 of their first 14 shots, and Cincinnati, reacting beautifully in its custom, was refusing to let the Ramblers run. Steadfast in their own careful offense, with Tony Yates and Larry Shingleton and Tom Thacker watching coldly for the break or pick that would spring Bonham or Center George Wilson loose for an easy shot, the Bearcats moved out quickly to 19-9. By half time it was 29-21. The Loyola

continued on page 92



By pregame time Friday evening, everyone in Boop's crowd had gathered in the party suite, most of them bearing some symbol of luck. All Cincinnati fans follow their private pregame rituals, and heaven help the man who breaks one of them. Some wear lucky shoes, others wear lucky socks. There are lucky hats, lucky ties and lucky pins. One man even carries lucky pencils that he always keeps in his lucky pocket. The wife of another, Mrs. Warren Hensel, distributes lucky candies to her group during a game. She forgot to bring the candies to the NCAA playoff in California in 1960, and, of course, Cincinnati lost.

Boop Rodenberg felt no need for good luck symbols, unless you count his bright red blazer and red-and-black vest. What he did feel a need

for were his tranquilizers. Boop had his leather pill case in Louisville, containing six bottles in which there were pills to soothe his ulcer, cold pills, gas pills, stomach-settling pills, Bufferin and tranquilizers. Boop took three tranquilizers during the Oregon State game, two before the start and one at half time.

The way Cincinnati played against Oregon State, there really was no need for tranquilizers and, back at the hotel later, the crowd was happy and confident. Boop wandered around the suite trying to think of somebody to call long distance. When things have gone well for the team, Boop likes to call someone he knows, preferably at 4 in the morning, and reverse the charges. It does people no good to refuse the call. Boop will call again five minutes la-

ter. At 5 a.m., the party broke up, with Boop still trying to think of somebody to call.

The next night Boop, again wearing his blazing red blazer and Bearcat-embellished vest, lugged his sign into Freedom Hall and hung it over an exit for everyone to see. Others had whistles (left) and even guns (below, left). There was noise, loud and raucous, as the team came out on the court, as the team was introduced and as the team went into an early lead over Loyola. Boop and his friends were part of that noise, rising from their seats and shaking their fists with every Bearcat basket.

And then came the Loyola rush. At first Boop Rodenberg sat slumped in his seat, his face expressionless. When, with four and a half minutes to go, Tom Thacker made a bad pass and Loyola narrowed its deficit to three points, Rodenberg could stand it no longer. He left his seat, climbed down a flight of stairs and disappeared into the lobby.

"I wasn't taking another pill," he said later. "I was just trying to change the luck. Sometimes when I leave my seat the luck changes."

But Cincinnati's luck didn't change, and Boop Rodenberg was back in his seat to see the end of it. For a few moments after Loyola's winning bas-

ket, Boop covered his eyes with his hands. Then he got up, unfurled his sign and rolled it up. It was a battle to get out of the arena, bulling through Loyola fans who were singing a revised version of Cincinnati's fight chant: "We're Loyola, we're No. 1!" Boop managed a smile. Outrude, heard a friend looked for a taxi large enough to carry them, their wives and the sign.

"Next season begins December 7," said the friend. "Right," said Boop. "You know something. I think I'll make a new sign." An hour later (below) mellowing Boop had his sign for December.

—WALTER BINGHAM

3 out of 4 in '64







THE MASTERS

IT COMES IN A GEORGIA SPRINGTIME, AND ITS MOODS ARE AS INVITING AND COMPLEX AS THE SEASON. HERE KEN VENTURI HITS FROM A REFLECTING POOL, TROUBLED AMID SERENITY. OTHER MASTERS MOMENTS, AND A STUDY OF ITS STARS, FOLLOW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER

A GRAY BEN HOGAN, A BRIGHT UMBRELLA AND A HAND



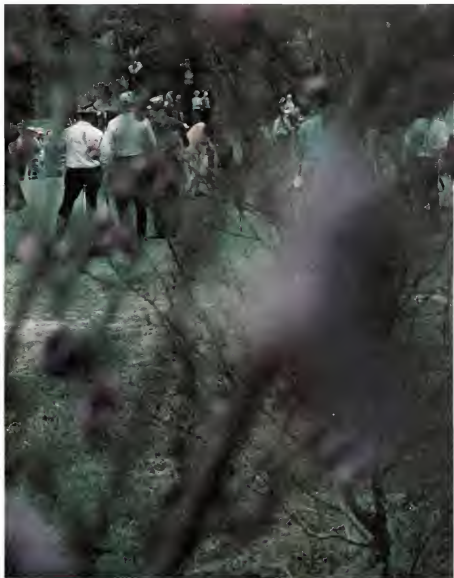




A PONDERING PALMER AND SUN-DAPPLED BLOSSOMS



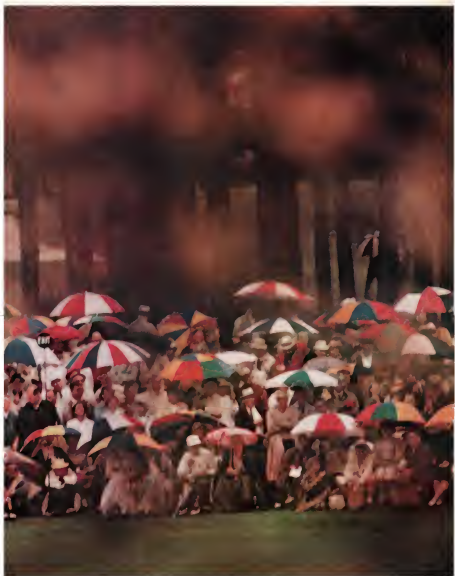




A PURPLE FRIEZE AND THE DEEP SHADE OF SPRING



A MULTIHUED AUDIENCE AND THEATER IN THE ROUND



READY FOR WAR AT AUGUSTA

GOLF'S BIG THREE, THE RULERS OF THE PRO TOUR, WILL MAKE THE MASTERS AN EPIC BATTLE—AND OTHERS HAVE COMBAT PLANS, TOO

BY ALFRED WRIGHT



DRAWINGS BY FRANK MULLINS

C comes the great confrontation: Palmer vs. Player vs. Nicklaus. Thinking of these three golfers meeting one another at the Masters when each is playing about the best golf of his career, brings to mind other spectacular triangular confrontations: Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli; Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson; Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons and Jack Paar. Like those, this is a clash to savor. The way in which Palmer, Player and Nicklaus have dominated tournament golf so far this year is unparalleled. Together they have won more than 15% of all the prize money distributed on the winter tour. Together they have won five of the nine tournaments in which they have contended, taken second place seven times and third once. Now they come to Augusta National, a course particularly suited to their power and talents, to face each other in a tournament that each desperately wants to win.

For quite obvious reasons, Palmer must be considered first. His Masters record of three victories—1958, 1960 and 1962—is clearly the best, and he obviously is ready again. His performance this year, with three victories—at Los Angeles, Phoenix and Pensacola—in only eight events, is stunning. Assessing his golf as it is now, just a few days before the Masters, Palmer says, "At Augusta you have to drive well to win. My aim is to be hitting the ball as solidly as possible with the driver when I get there, and I think I know what I have to do to drive well. I'm not as completely confident with my irons as I'd like to be. My putting is in about as good shape as I can expect to get it."

Three weeks ago, when he won the tournament at Pensacola, Palmer used a new set of irons, a different driver each day and two different putters. Now he has pretty well decided to stick to the new irons. He has narrowed the choice of drivers to two, and he probably will use his "old putter," which he has just given a coat of black paint because he thinks that will help him get a better line on his putts. Palmer is a golfer who believes that peaks and valleys of performance are inevitable. "You can't plan them," he says, "but you can influence them a little. Any time now I'm ready to hit a peak." What can the competition say to that?

Gary Player's golf has been so consistent that his fellow pros find it hard to believe. He won at San Diego in January, and he has finished second in five of the other eight tournaments he has entered. "I'm playing so well now it scares me," he recently told Jack Nicklaus. Furthermore, Player has shown he likes the landscape at Augusta, for he won the Masters two years ago and finished in a tie for first last year, losing to Palmer in the playoff. Like all who do well at Augusta, Player instinctively hits the ball from right to left. Furthermore, the determination of the 27-year-old South African is more than equal to the challenge and pressure of the Masters. He will arrive rested from a week in the sun at Nassau, and his outlook has never been cheerier.

Of the triumvirate, only Jack Nicklaus may possibly be short of his playing peak. He has been troubled since the start of the year with a pain deep in his hip that was first diagnosed as bursitis. It doesn't bother him when he swings a golf club, but it hurts when he

continues



walks. Lately a number of specialists have assured him the ailment is merely a strained tendon that, in laymen's terms, has worked itself into an uncomfortable position over his hipbone. "The doctors tell me this is quite prevalent among

heavy-set men in the Army," Nicklaus explains. "It can be fixed by a very simple operation." At this point he demonstrates how a surgeon with a scalpel can readjust the position of the tendon.

The pain in his hip has forced Nicklaus to stay off his feet as much as possible. Even so, he was hitting the ball



BILLY CASPER

There is a widespread—and entirely fallacious—notion that Billy Casper is just a carefree sort of fellow who happens to win a lot of money at golf because he puts so well. Actually, nobody on the tour takes his work any more seriously than Casper, and few hit the long shots any better. The natural rhythm of his swing is so extraordinary that it rarely gets out of kilter. And great as his putting is, he frets about it just as much as the next man.

With his victory in the Crosby, this has been Casper's best winter tour in his 10 years as a pro. He approaches the Masters ranked fifth among the money winners—just behind the Big Three and Tony Lema—despite a lingering struggle with the flu. Although his fourth place in 1960 was his best showing in six Masters appearances, Casper comes into this year's tournament with confidence. "I just feel better than I have in a long time," says the 1959 U.S. Open champion. "I'm hitting the ball solid, and any fellow who is playing well can win the Masters. My problem at Augusta has been that I've never had very much luck on those greens. On good greens I always seem to putt badly, and I do fine on the lousy greens. It's crazy." Maybe so. But Billy Casper is a brilliant putter no matter what Philo Casper says. If he masters those Augusta greens he can be the Masters champion.



PHIL RODGERS

As the new year began, not a few people who concern themselves with such things talked about Phil Rodgers in terms of coming golf greatness. Despite his youth (24) he already had an exceptional knowledge of the techniques of the game. He was gifted with a quick, curious and absorbent mind. Few of his elders understood more thoroughly what they were doing on a golf course and why. Rodgers started off the 1962 season—his first complete

year as a tournament pro—by winning the Los Angeles and Tucson opens, and after he tied for third in both the U.S. and British opens there was no question that he could play with the best under the pressure and travails of a major championship. So, following a mediocre performance on this year's winter circuit, a certain amount of "what's wrong with Phil?" talk ensued. Some of his colleagues felt he may have started to think that the whole thing is much easier than it actually is. Others said he wasn't keeping fit. After withdrawing from the New Orleans Open with a back injury several weeks ago, Rodgers began paying attention to his condition. He not only watched his diet, he followed it. Consequently, he took off some weight and has since been playing better golf. If he continues to apply himself seriously, he can win any big tournament, including the Masters.



GENE LITTLER

As the man nobody notices, Gene Littler seems to embrace anonymity. He prefers to let his golf do the talking for him, and it is doing talk. Last year he was the second biggest money winner in professional golf, behind Palmer. At Augusta he finished fourth, two strokes back of the three who tied for first. "It was the best four rounds of golf from tee to green that I ever played in my life," Littler recalls. But it is characteristic of his seemingly offhand approach

to his profession that he can't remember on which day he had a four-under-par 68 (it was the second). The 1961 Open champion, Littler did not have a particularly good winter tour. Three times he missed the cut. After a tie for second at Tucson he rejoined his family in La Jolla, Calif., which is where he really prefers to be all the time. Last week he returned to the tour at Dorset, hoping to play his way into form there and at the Arden Open. "Right now I'm trying to get back to drawing the ball a little, but I don't know," he says. "In the last Masters I was hitting everything out to the right, and things seemed to work out pretty well. If I could just start putting well, it would give me more confidence, which, I suppose, is the thing I lack the most." Even so, Littler is such a magnificent hiter of the ball, so easy and graceful, that he must be regarded as a contender.



DOW FINSTERWALD

In two of the last three Masters, Dow Finsterwald came as close to winning as a non-winner can. In 1960 he would have tied Palmer had it not been for a two-stroke penalty called for taking a thoughtless practice putt, and last year he was the forgotten man in the three-way playoff. Finsterwald today is a much different kind of golfer than he was from 1956 to 1960, when his fluid swing and metronomic consistency annually placed him among the three or

four leading money winners on the tour. He hasn't won a tournament since early in 1960 and he began this year's tour weakly. "I don't think I won a thousand dollars all the way through California," he says, quite correctly. But his play has been perking up lately. Like everyone else who feels the breath of the Masters long in advance, Finsterwald recently has been concentrating on hooking his drives. "If you don't hook, you can't play that course," he will tell you. He also has a new black putter, a mallet with a thick hickory shaft, hoping that a change might help. Always an excellent chipper, he could easily warm up around the greens at Augusta. When Finsterwald arrives there, with memories of his wonderful 65 in last year's third round, he will have with him one of the biggest assets that any golfer can take into a tournament—the knowledge that he is on a course he can play,

wonderfully well at the Doral Open last week. He was smashing his drives and long irons with just the kind of controlled hook that makes one realize his golf is tailor-made for Augusta. His putting, of course, has always been superb under pressure. Although Nicklaus' best previous finish at the Masters was a tie for seventh (in 1961) as an

amateur, he has never been the complete golfer that he is today at the age of 23. So much for Palmer vs. Player vs. Nicklaus. Theirs is an even battle, but no law says one of them must be the next Masters champion. Below are reports on eight of the strongest challengers who will be out to beat the Big Three—and each other—at Augusta.



TONY LEMA

Few golfers have played better or more consistent golf in the past six months than Tony Lema. At 29, Champagne Tony is still the tour's pleasant playboy, but he is now concentrating on his day's work, his temper is in hand and his earnings are high. Lema's game is well suited to the Augusta National course. He is a long driver who favors a controlled hook. He has a very sound long-iron game and is a good putter. His worst handicap is lack of experience in

big tournaments. He has qualified for only two U.S. Opens, has played in only one PGA and has never competed in a Masters. Also, if the weather is bad during the week of the Masters, Lema's chances will be considerably lessened. "He hits the ball very high, but he has not yet learned to play the wind well, something that is always going to hurt a high-ball hitter," points out Billy Casper. Lema himself does not like winning the Masters as among his ambitions for 1963, but he does expect to do well. "I've waited too long for this opportunity to mess it up," he says. "I think my game is good enough to win and I think I can hold up under the pressure—my nerves are in pretty good shape. Still, though winning the Masters is something I'd like to do, it's not something I *have* to do just yet." If there is no ill wind at Augusta, Lema will have a chance to take it all, whether he feels he has to win or not.



DOUG SANDERS

The Huck Finn of the pro tour both on and off the fairways, Doug Sanders delights and amuses the galleries—if not always his more intense fellow competitors. Fortune is usually kind to such a man, but in his seven years as a pro handsome Doug has been troubled by minor and not-so-minor injuries. This year has been no exception. In January he broke the little finger on his left hand, putting him on the sidelines for four weeks. The finger is still stiff and a bit

swollen, somewhat impeding his grip, and he has competed in only three PGA tournaments since the injury. The latest of these was at St. Petersburg, where he strained a back muscle during the second round. He will play in no other U.S. tournaments prior to the Masters, hoping some rest and relaxation will loosen up his back. He also hopes it will solve his other major problem, a tendency to freeze over the ball, making it psychologically difficult for him to start his club back. Augusta is not the ideal course for Sanders' game, since accuracy off the tee rather than length is the major product of his unusually short backswing. He is, however, a fine chipper and putter, and he is planning to have his irons doctored to help him float high, soft shots into the big greens at the Masters. Although this has not been a good year for Sanders, he must be regarded seriously. He usually plays well in big events.



TOMMY BOLT

Too many galleries follow Tommy Bolt because of his reputation for tantrums, but if they could see behind the scowl they would find one of the most refreshing and best-liked personalities in tournament golf. What's more, no one among all the pros strikes the ball any better or can call on such a glorious assortment of shots. Although well into middle age (45) and bothered by the varied aches and pains of advancing years, Bolt is a wonderful physical specimen. Slim of hip, flat of stomach and powerful in the shoulders

and arms, he has lately been wearing three-pound weights around his wrists and ankles and a 15-pound weight around his waist to tone his muscles and, hopefully, break up calcium deposits in his shoulders. Also, as an aging man should, he is using a whipper shaft on his driver, having switched from an X to an S, a change that has been giving him an extra 15 or 20 yards off the tee, a matter of no little importance at Augusta. "I got me a little honey of a driver now," he says. This has been one of his best winters on the tour in several years: the more than \$7,000 that he has won to date surpasses his entire tournament winnings of 1962. He is making his 11th trip to the Masters, and he has finished eighth or better on four occasions. More than anyone among the serious contenders except Sam Snead, Bolt has experience going for him.



ART WALL

One of the select at the Masters who will be wearing the green jacket, plumage of a past champion, is Art Wall. As much a worrier as ever, he can come to Augusta buoyed by the knowledge that his finish in 1959 was one of the greatest ever—five birdies on the last six holes. "It was a month before I could really sleep at night," he recalls. "I'd wake up thinking about it." Now, after three years of assorted injuries and misfortunes, Wall is again feeling fit, and

despite his 39 years is "hitting the ball better than I have in a long time." Wall believes that the way to get ready for the Masters is to sharpen oneself in tournaments rather than rest or practice at the Augusta course itself. "The year I won," he says, "I won the Azalea Open the week before. If you go practice at Augusta for a long time, all you do is get yourself worked up too much. It's better to play a tournament the week before to keep your mind occupied. Anyway, they don't begin cutting down the greens at Augusta until Tuesday, so you're practicing on a course that will play differently when the tournament begins. I don't feel there is much point in that." Solemn and dedicated as any golfer on the tour, and fresh from a Caribbean victory at Caracas in February, Wall is approaching this year's Masters in his best frame of mind since he was Golfer of the Year in 1959. **END**

Like such virile pastimes as barber-shop-quartet singing, Japanese sumo wrestling, fatherhood and membership in the New York Stock Exchange, the sport of ocean yacht racing has hitherto frowned on the presence of women. From Allegra Knapp Mertz, one of the great racing sailors of all time, to Susan Smclair, the current North American champion, women have more than made their mark in smaller-boat competition, but the kind of sailboat racing that demands endless days of clammy discomfort and backbreaking exertion far from the sight of land has provided few berths for the female of the species. This fact makes a thoroughgoing anomaly of one of the most feminine of all females, a slim, 5-foot-11 inch brunette named Sally Ames Langmuir, who owns a sleek, 72-foot yawl named *Bolero*, and races it across the oceans of the world with the insistent passion of a female Odysseus seeking her home.

Sally has, in fact, already far outdistanced that wandering Ithacan. She has probably traveled more miles under sail than any other woman in modern history, and more than most men as well. Over the last four years her odyssey has taken her from California to Hawaii, to Tahiti and back to California, down through the Panama Canal, up the Caribbean, up the East Coast, across the At-

lantic to Sweden by way of Bermuda, around Europe—Germany, Denmark, the Baltic, Majorca, England and the Mediterranean—and on to the African coast. And finally, back again to Beverly Hills via the Canary Islands, Barbados, Tobago, Aruba and Acapulco.

Two months ago Sally and her hefty male crew, headed by Captain Don Matthews, brought *Bolero* to Florida and campaigned her through the southern racing circuit, taking corrected-time honors on two of the events in that series and leading the fleet to the finish line in all but one (51 Feb. 11). This month they are racing the 807 miles from Miami to Montego Bay, and in June head out for England's Eddystone Light in the Transatlantic Race.

Ashore, Sally is a chic and often flamboyant product of California who wears long, dangling earrings and calls her boat a *lutra*. At sea, however, she stands watches as competently as any man, doing her share of the roughest work. All this is more remarkable because of the fact that up to four years ago Sally had never even owned a boat and had never sailed anything much larger than a legless bathtub. Her only ocean voyages had been spent in the deck chairs of a Cunard liner. Even now she is not sure of the sailing vernacular ("Odometer? What's that? I've got a lot

A BOSTON GIRL'S LONG VOYAGE HOME

As trim as her beloved '*Bolero*,' Sally Langmuir is one of very few women hardy enough to brave the rigors of ocean racing. In winds and storms she has found resolution and contentment

by ARTHUR ZICH





to learn about sailing terms") Her real job, she says, "is keeping the organization going." In port she spends hours totting up *Bolero's* accounts, while her husband checks the multiplication.

Sally's sailing career began with something of a splash. "I just held my nose, jumped in, and bought *Comalluna*," she says, explaining the purchase of her first boat, a 75-foot schooner, in 1959. In taking this plunge, Sally may only have been responding to the seafaring tradition of Boston, the place of her birth, but, if so, the response was at second hand. Far from reaping a fortune from the sea, the proper Bostonian Ames family made its pile running railroads and manufacturing shovels. As a young girl, Sally vacationed at the shore with the Adamses, the Saltonstalls and other Boston First Families in stead, communal privacy. Sally's mother, a concert mezzo from the town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, was never completely in tune with the pizzicato airs of Back Bay, however, so six years after the death of her father Sally, age 8, was packed off to Beverly Hills. "We lived next door to Ingrid Bergman," says Sally, "across the street from Harold Lloyd, and a house over from the Queen of Egypt and her cat."

Beverly Hills has put its mark on Sally Lingham and the Boston from which she was snatched also remains a part of her, but the sea is her escape from both. "I had the blood of a proper Bostonian, but I just wasn't with it," she said over a beer in *Bolero's* cabin recently. "People think I'm a rich bitch with a big boat, but the hell with them. I'll justify the length of my nails, and vodka martinis, if I have to. But I don't have to justify *Bolero*."

On the edge of a screened-in pool in the Fort Lauderdale house she has rented as a base for eastern racing, Sally talked recently of her childhood. It was a warm Florida evening, and her husband fussed

continued



BESIDE THE POOL of the Langmairs' Fort Lauderdale home, Sally looks on while her husband Ken checks the accounts representing the high cost of ocean racing. Below, the object of all this expense, *Bolero*, drives toward the finish of January's Cat Cay race.



BOSTON GIRL

with a steak charring on the barbecue. The family cat, Helen of Troy, twined with a plastic wren floating nearby. The soft sound of crickets came through the screens. What Sally had to say seemed harsh by comparison.

She began with her days at Westlake School for Girls, a fashionable Los Angeles academy, and talked of horseback riding at Riviera Stables, where she won prizes. She was an able figure skater until a joint disease that prevented the cartilage from hardening forced her to drop both sports. "I had a cast from hip to ankle," she went on. "I went up to 160 pounds and had to keep getting excuses from gym. 'They'll kick you out,' Mummy told me. 'They'll think you've got housemaid's knee.' I used to be terrified to enter a room full of people. I'd stand outside a room, say, 'one, two, three,' hold my breath and then walk in. 'Pretend you're an actor in a play,' Mummy would tell me. 'Pretend you're on a stage.'" She talked of the family decision to send her East, to fashionable Brearley School in New York, where, says Sally, "They took one look at me, and murmured, 'What are we going to do?' I couldn't even get over the hurdles in the phys ed test."

But Sally and the Manhattan private school somehow managed to get along, and at 17 she walked up Brearley's commencement aisle on legs once again strong and healthy, then trotted off to Canada's McGill University, determined to become a doctor. Four years later, after acceptance at medical school, she switched directions. "There's nothing worse than a hen made who doesn't really know if she wants to be one," she says now. So she quit.

From then on, Sally seldom stopped running. She bolted to Norway, and broke into an eight-month run through Italy, Spain, Switzerland ("God! Zermatt at last!"), and Germany. She came home for Christmas, stopped long enough to catch her breath and raced off again, to Heidelberg, to Venice, to Istanbul—the last because the name of an island intrigued her. "Prinkipo," she said. She said it again, laughing at its sound. "Like twinky footsteps."

"For years," Sally said, "I'd been getting this stuff. 'You don't have a job, you sit around letting your nails grow, letting your fingernail polish dry, you're rich, you don't have to work.' So I went out and got a job."

—MICHAEL



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"I worked hard," she said. "For two years, Assistant publicity manager for the Boston Opera Association and the North Shore Music Theatre. A six-sometimes seven-day week. Hours and hours. And I worked cheap. And the same people called me up and said, 'You're working? How awful! Why aren't you off climbing a Swiss Alp or something?'"

Sally put down her fork. "Have you gathered from all this that I was searching for something I couldn't find?" she asked. "Well, it's true."

Some time after her 29th birthday, Sally was suddenly shocked into the realization of the passage of time by the unexpected gift of a friendship ring from a schoolgirl friend she hadn't seen in years. "I looked at that ring," she says, "and I suddenly thought, 'For 29 years I've been trying to do what other people wanted me to, and I'm getting old and I haven't done a blasted thing I wanted to do myself.' For once, I decided, I'd do something for me. So I went out to buy a boat."

Sally found her boat—and her dream in the form of the schooner *Constellation*. "It was horrible," she said. "I was so in love with that boat I couldn't stand it." Two months later *Constellation*, with Sally in the cockpit, went charging past Diamond Head at the end of the 2,230-mile Transpacific Race. "So as long as we're in Hawaii," she said, "let's go to Tahiti." Sally Ames was on her way.

Her wanderings since then have led her to the South Seas, where she found the scowise, barrel-chested TV character of a seaman, Don Matthews, who, along with a loyal company of able crewmen and shrewd skippers, has been guiding Sally's boats to victory ever since. Her wanderings have led her back to Beverly Hills where she found and married a man who says of sailboats, "Ugh! cold, wet, dreary things," but who is content nonetheless to wait fondly ashore till his wife has had her fill of them. But mostly her wanderings have led her to something like home.

"Coming back from Tahiti one time," says Sally, "there was a sunset and I was steering. There was blood all over the sky and everyone on the boat had to come up and look. And they couldn't say a word. Just stand and look. I guess it sounds corny, but at that moment I was never happier."

END

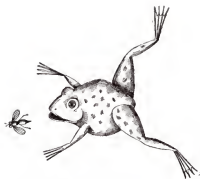


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by BARBARA HEILMAN

'O to be a frog, leda, and live aloof from care' is a pretty jazzy translation of a quote from Theocritus, the Greek poet. In those days frogs lived like Riley, but now, with gourmets eating them provençale and nature's enemies still eating them raw...

THE FROGS OF SPRING

Among certain of life's improbabilities, like the invention of knitting, is the notion that anyone should ever have looked at a frog and thought to himself, "Yum!" The frog is engaging and lovable—nothing is pleasanter than to see a frog really sitting on a lily pad, blinking his bulgy eyes—but mouth-watering? Well, apparently.

It has been thousands of years now since someone persisted past the frog's uninviting exterior and found him good, thus adding man to the frog's list of foes, which already included water rats, snakes, skunks, birds, turtles, large fish, some leeches, some plant fungi, roundworms, tapeworms and bigger frogs. A female blowfly will lay her eggs in the nostrils of an adult frog and the emerg-

ing larvae make their way to the brain and kill him. And boys—"The boys throw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs do not die in sport, but in earnest," as Plutarch quoted Iliad some time ago.

The frog (the term can include the toad) does not allow this to make him moody. He continues in his astonishing variety, croaking, burking and peeping, making nests in trees, under the ground and on the surface of ponds. He comes in red stripes, and black stripes on gold, in spots and in dark or bright green; he is smooth, lumpy, poisonous or hairy to the touch. He (in the larger sense) incubates his eggs in nests of frog froth, on his own back, in his own mouth and even, in some instances, within the body of the female. There are three viviparous

frogs, in Africa, which seem to have been driven to this internal rearrangement by their environment.

Frogs require water, though there are only a few wholly aquatic species (which have been dismissed as large, flabby creatures, scarcely able to creep in shallow water). They occur in all the damp corners of the world except Australia and Antarctica, and if some are scarcely able to creep, others are able to fly.

The life cycle of the tailless amphibians is familiar. There must be very few people who never caught their own tadpoles or, at any rate, had a jar of them in school to watch as they proceeded from tailed rascals to frog. The North American species hatch, with rare exceptions, from eggs to tadpoles, and as



Drawings by John Alcorn

ARE SPRINGING FOR THEIR LIVES

tadpoles they are gilled. These gills, external at birth, are internalized as the tadpole grows. Water passes through the tadpole's mouth (which itself has only just developed) and passes out through a hole, the spiracle, in the tadpole's side. A tadpole's mouth is not good for much else than breathing for a time, and he lives on his slowly resorbed tail while he is growing teeth at the other end. The hind legs bud and are coming before the tail goes; when they are relatively well developed, the arms emerge—the skin thins and breaks down, and an arm appears. "It is held that the left arm normally comes out first, but often the right arm appears first," says the *Handbook of Frogs and Toads*, not getting all unscientifically excited. The function of the

internal gills is taken over by the lungs; the eyes are developing, and their two sets of movable lids; the "true frog mouth begins to appear"; the intestine becomes shorter and ready to deal with worms and flies. The froglet begins to hang around the shoreline and the lily pads.

The common North American frogs vary in reaching maturity. They can take from six months to six years. The females are then capable of laying 6,000 to 20,000 eggs. Fertilization completes a process known as amplexus, which may take from eight to 36 hours. When the egg masses are to be laid the male frog grasps the female from behind. He sinks his thumbs into her fat sides and holds on, may one say for dear life? He will not

let go until the eggs are laid and fertilized, so both frogs are quite defenseless until it's all over. As the female produces the eggs the male fertilizes them with a cloud of semen, or milt, after which he finally lets go and departs without so much as promising to write. If the eggs haven't been laid in "transient pools, impermanent situations, roadside ditches and temporary floodlands" and don't get eaten by enemies or caught in spring freezes, they will hatch into tadpoles and turn into froglets and then into frogs, and so on.

It is during the breeding seasons, of course, that the male frogs are so exceedingly vocal, though they have noises to be made also for wet weather, dry weather, hot spells, periods of cold and

continued

"distress from teasing, alarm, injury or capture." The range of the frog and toad voices from species to species and within a given species is tremendous. The *Handbook of Frogs and Toads* lists some of the adjectives that have been applied to the voice of the American frog: "bubbling, weird, plaintive, hoarse, weoful, mournful, complaining, nasal, incessant, musical, pleasant, whistling, prolonged, mellow, tremulous, squawking, shrill, deafening, ventriloquial, peeping, metallic, resonant, twittering, loud, guttural, snoring, snorting, gurgling, clucking, explosive, grating and sweet." Most of these represent subjective impressions, but deafening isn't peeping, a squawk is not a gurgle and grating is certainly not sweet. It is agreed that the cry of a frog or toad in peril is a terrifying sound. It has been called "the mercy cry" and can be made by females as well as males. "Let anyone pick up a female solitary spadefoot," the *Handbook* says, "and squeeze it, and he might think he had a male. . . . Or lay this same female on her back and stroke her belly, and she will speak vigorously. . . ." Well, no wonder. But the enormous vocal sacs of some species are exclusively the property of the male, and throat coloring is a reliable secondary sex characteristic in some instances.

All frogs have one thing in common: good appetites. Dr. James A. Oliver, director of the American Museum of Natural History, has said that they have an almost unlimited capacity for food

(in a caption under a picture of a Neotropical Giant Toad contemplating an enormous dish of worms) but they are primarily insectivorous. This makes the frog a friend to man, who throws rocks at him while he is thus engaged in putting off the day when the bugs take over.

Frogs and toads will eat only live food, which is one reason advanced for the delicacy of the frog's flesh. Nobody advances any recommendations for the toad's flesh, however. No one eats the toad, except some aborigines under considerable pressure of hunger. The skin is poisonous and, the toad's habits being more sedentary than the frog's, his legs are not developed to any appealing degree. Only Shakespeare seems to have given him any real consideration for the pot, and at that the recipe calls for eye of newt, wool of bat, Turk's nose, goat's gill and a lot of other things you'd have to go out for, just to brisk up the toad.

But it is as food or as a laboratory animal that man finds the frog of direct commercial use. Thousands of frogs a year are used in pregnancy tests, which do them no harm and after which they are as good as new, and in physiology classes, which do them lots of harm and after which they are no good at all. These frogs are caught and shipped on this continent. Frogs which are to be eaten are also preferably caught on this continent, but killed and shipped dressed. Restaurants are less ready than

labs to set up froggeries, so they are at the mercy of the season, a dry spell or the free-lance froggers' having left off frogging to take up jobs in town.

Since the fresh legs are thus sometimes hard to come by, the United States imports 2½ million pounds a year, frozen, primarily from Japan and secondarily from India. Cuba used to supply us with half a million pounds a year, but since Castro we have looked more and more to India.

The United States, back in the '20s, provided Japan with its initial breeding stock, first with Louisiana jumbos (*Rana catesbeiana* Shaw), which proved

unsuited to Japan's colder climate—or it to them—and then with the hardier bullfrog from Wisconsin. Elmer Steinhilber, of Steinhilber & Co. in Oshkosh, Wis., remembers sending frogs over in 1927, and more after the Depression, and they have thrived. Japan's circumstances are nearly ideal for frog raising. It's only necessary to throw the breeding frogs into the rice fields. Suitable conditions pre-exist, and labor too. A worker in the paddies can discourage predators, augment the food supply and harvest frogs when the time comes, at a minimum wage. In this country dealers buy their frogs from, say, farm boys in small lots, or systematic froggers in large ones, but in either case frogging is an activity in itself and the frogs come high. Steinhilber & Co. is one of three firms in the U.S. dealing in a full line of frogs (live, for food and laboratories, and dead, with dye-injected arteries, veins and vascular systems, for study). From Oshkosh, Steinhilber works five nearby states and California, and has branches in Texas and Louisiana. The 1962 crop of 1½ million was the largest ever in Steinhilber's 40 years of harvesting. Steinhilber estimates these were caught and brought in by some 400 or 500 hunters. Mr. Steinhilber can sell you live grass frogs from 95¢ to \$5 a dozen, depending on size; jumbos can run you as much as \$3 apiece. Their average weight is one pound, but they can go up to two or three. In many parts of the country the fat frogs are prized for the skillet, but in New York the chefs in the better restaurants shudder. The general manager at Voisin says of a three-pound jumbo, "This is not a frog anymore! You could put a leash on it and walk it." And Henri Soulé of Le Pavillon said, revolted, "They have the legs like those of the bicycle champions. Frogs' legs, the smaller the better, though they have to have meat on them—they should be plump. And absolutely, they must be fresh."

Agreement is complete that frogs' legs should be cooked fresh, even among those who compromise and serve them frozen when no fresh ones are available. In the 1920s there was a try at capitalizing on this preference; there was a rash of frog-farm promotion and earnest advertisements about starting a frog farm in your backyard. There was good money to be made, they said; all you needed was the advertiser's breeding stock.

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How to make 46 great drinks at home brings together everybody's favorites... made with gin, vodka, rum, Bourbon, Scotch and Southern Comfort. And made with such clear, easy steps that you can't miss. It even shows you how to make old standbys taste better. For instance, try those on this page. Mix your next Manhattan, Sour, Old-Fashioned, or Collins with full-bodied Southern Comfort.

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These recipes make expert drink-mixing so effortless you'll soon progress beyond your usual favorites. In fact, you'll be adept at making drinks you've always hesitated to try before. Success is amazingly easy, even for the very inexperienced. Just save this guide... and you'll learn to set 'em up like an expert.

BAR EXAM. Answer 8 out of 10 questions correctly, and you qualify for the Home "Bar Association"

- Any "straight" Bourbon must be aged at least
☐ 6 mos. ☐ 1 yr. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 5 yrs.
- True or False: Vodka is filtered through charcoal.
☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE
- "Dry" vermouth is usually ☐ French ☐ Italian
- True or False: "Tonic" and "Quinine Waters" refer to the same beverage. ☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE
- The usual proof of imported Scotch whisky is
☐ 100 ☐ 88 ☐ 86.8 ☐ 96 ☐ 92.4
- True or False: A Rickey is always made with gin
☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE
- A Stinger is most often served at what time
☐ before dinner ☐ after dinner
- True or False: A Daiquiri may be made either with gin or vodka. ☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE
- True or False: A Red Eye is frequently called a Scotch Manhattan. ☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE
- Southern Comfort makes a great drink mixed half and half with ☐ Bourbon ☐ Scotch

HOW TO MAKE THESE 4 GREAT DRINKS

taste better than ever
the way the "pros" mix 'em

(For detailed instructions, see attached
recipe guide.)



COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED, as served at the
Garlick Club, Chicago, New York, Washington,
Paris. Made with Southern Comfort, no sugar.



COMFORT® MANHATTAN, as served at the
Sheraton-East, New York City. Superb cocktail
made with dry vermouth and Southern Comfort.



COMFORT® SOUR, as served at the Hotel Mark
Mophan, San Francisco. Use less sugar, less lemon,
get more smooth taste with Southern Comfort.



COMFORT® COLLINS, as served at the Fontaine
Mesa Hotel, Miami Beach. Lime, 7-Up and Southern
Comfort... it's the greatest of all Collins drinks.
*Southern Comfort

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS

With the ordinary cocktail recipes, as well as when mixed
with other great liquors, as in combination
Southern Comfort is superb. Used in combination
guide shows how: 1. True 10. False, West
11 Southern Comfort 12 After dinner 13 True 14
15 may also be made with brandy, rum, Bourbon
16 100 17 86.8 18 96.8 19 92.4

It's easy to know all the answers about drinks
tear out How to make 46 great drinks at home
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

Elmer Steinhilber and Dr. James Oliver, for two, claim that there never has been a successful frog farm in this country. But the era produced an enchanting if not entirely dependable book, *Frog Raising for Pleasure and Profit* by Dr. Albert Broel. You open *Frog Raising for Pleasure and Profit* and are faced, at once, all unprepared as you may be, with the photograph of a female Nufford Giant, "Actual Size." Her nose and her tail run off an 8-inch page, and she is fat, vulgar and complacent. Her photograph is followed by others, like one of a butcher displaying a frog, holding it by the legs, to a female customer. The butcher looks unconvinced; the lady, on the other hand, is looking almost maniacally pleased, and the caption reads, "Live Giant Bullfrogs can be kept in cooler at about 40 degrees and sold at the meat counter." Well, it never caught on, which is not surprising. It seems very little fun for anybody.

Dr. Broel was happy raising frogs and, he claims, did very well, though his com-

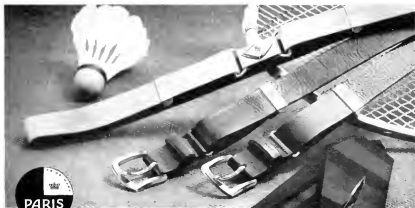
pany closed down for just the reasons Oliver gave for the failure of frog farms—you can't make enough profit to support a real industry with employees, packing plants, etc. Dr. Broel's reason for going into frog farming was motherly advice: "As far back as I can remember, my Mother used to say:—'Son, if you want to make a success in life—Raise Frogs' . . . She always claimed that frogs saved her life, and that gave her undying faith in them." Dr. Broel's mother had been sickly in her youth and couldn't eat. But it was found that she could digest frog meat, which sustained her until she became strong enough to eat chicken, and then beef, and finally she recovered and was well enough to bear Dr. Broel.

Dr. Broel's book tells you in great detail how to set up and run your frog farm; there's a world of information, under such headings as **LOADS DO NOT CAUSE WARTS, HOW MANY FROGS CAN YOU RAISE IN A BACKYARD?** and **HOW BULLFROGS ACT IN AN IMPROPER POND.**

"When a frog is placed in a pond where it cannot crawl under some protecting plant or log, it begins to droop its head, lack appetite and gradually lose its strength. It will get under a blade of grass and remain there until too weak to move. Now, if this same frog is taken out of such a pond, fed by force feeding and put in a pond containing the necessary shade and cover it will immediately regain strength, hop around and feed itself and again be the healthy, vigorous frog it was in the beginning. You can see why it is of utmost importance to have a proper pond awaiting the frogs when they arrive." Lest his readers expect too much of a mere proper pond, however, Dr. Broel is careful to follow this section with **HOMELIKE SURROUNDINGS WILL NOT CURT AN INURED FROG.** A broken leg is a broken leg.

Dr. Broel tells us other useful things. He worries that people are prejudiced against the toad, and assures us that "those who really know his habits can speak naught but good of him."

rossland



Feather Leathers by Paris

If you consider yourself reasonably fastidious, you will quickly see why your belt should be as light and summery as your other warm-weather apparel. It just makes good sense—to your comfort and your appearance. The Paris® Belts you see here are made of an uncommon new leather called "Feather Leather"—so light and supple, its weight-

lessness is almost astonishing! Notice, too, how well these belts become an integral part of summer clothing. Ask to see the complete collection of Paris "Feather Leather" belts at all fine shops and department stores.

Top, \$2.50 with bold Heraldic closure. Center and Bottom, \$5.00 and \$3.50, each with a lightweight aluminum buckle.

FEATHER LEATHER IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE PARIS BELT CO. INC. PARIS IS A GENUINE FINE PRODUCT OF AMERICAN DESIGN.

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built into
your clubs?

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TITLEIST



15TH STRAIGHT YEAR AS OVERWHELMING FAVORITE ON THE WINTER TOUR

TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Recent Competi- tive Ball
LOS ANGELES	52	36
SAN DIEGO	58	30
BING CROSBY	137	52
LUCKY OPEN	82	29
PALM SPRINGS	221	110
POLAR WINTER	242	72
PHOENIX OPEN	74	33
TUCSON OPEN	87	18
NEW ORLEANS	88	22
PENSACOLA	74	22
ST. PETERSBURG	87	23
TOTAL	1153	415

AND REMEMBER:

NO ONE IS PAID TO PLAY TITLEIST



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

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FROGS

He discusses the uses of the frog—the frog as food, for research, for jumping contests, for display. “Can you imagine HOW MANY MORE people would stop to look at a window full of giant bullfrogs?” Of them as pets he says, rather carefully, “A number of our customers have been surprised at how tame giant frogs become sometimes.”

When you are finally shipping your frogs to a customer (whether for food, display, research, jumping contests or companionship), Dr. Breel suggests, “If getting good prices, you will find it worth your time to insert a crawfish or tadpole in each frog’s mouth before shipping, to give it added strength for the journey.”

Dr. Breel concludes with a very long list of recipes involving the bullfrog, since

he seems to feel that people don’t realize all of the bullfrog’s culinary possibilities. He is quite right, and among the people who never realized any of the following possibilities, one can’t help thinking of Monsieur Henri Soule: Giant Bullfrog Sandwiches; Giant Bullfrog Fondue; Jellyed Giant Bullfrog Creamed Salad; Giant Bullfrog Omelet; Giant Bullfrog Cream Broth; Giant Bullfrog Charlotte; Giant Bullfrog Short Cakes; And Dominant Mayonnaise Dressing for Giant Frogs. The adjective “dominant” in this last recipe is never explained, and the more one thinks about it, the more peculiar the possibilities that present themselves. Is the giant frog served alive and held down on the plate only by dominant mayonnaise?

Et bien, bon appétit, indeed.

FROGS’ LEGS PROVENÇALE

- 24 small or 16 medium pairs frogs’ legs, soaked in 1½ cups milk
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 ½ cup olive oil or 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- Salt, pepper

Soak frogs’ legs in milk for 30 minutes to 1 hour. Pat dry with paper towels and coat lightly with flour, shaking off excess. Chop garlic and parsley together. Heat oil or butter in a skillet; add frogs’ legs and sauté over brisk heat until golden brown on both sides (5 to 7 minutes), turning carefully with a spatula. Do not overcook. When done, season with salt and pepper and toss in the garlic-parsley mixture. Serve with lemon wedges. Serves four.

FROGS’ LEGS IN BATTER

- 24 small or 16 medium pairs frogs’ legs, soaked in 1½ cups milk
- BATTER
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon corn oil

Soak frogs’ legs in milk for 30 minutes to 1 hour. Combine flour and salt in a bowl. Beat slightly 1 whole egg plus 1 yolk, and mix with 1 cup milk. Gradually stir into flour until smooth. Add oil. Just before using, fold in the remaining egg white, beaten until it holds a point. The batter should have the consistency of heavy cream, if it appears too thick, stir in a little more milk.

Pat frogs’ legs dry and dip into batter. Shake off all excess batter and fry in deep fat previously heated to 370°. Do not use deep-fry basket. Fry for 7 or 8 minutes until crust is golden brown. Drain on paper towels. Frogs’ legs can be served with tatar or remoulade sauce, but they taste best with only lemon wedges. Serves four.



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Remotely much is yellow roses in a low design with Paragon's pretty Mint Green candles and Hiram Walker's smooth White.



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Cordials and Candlelight create the mood

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The candles . . . Paragon's 2 1/2" Candle Slim-

Tapers in colors borrowed from Hiram Walker's Cordials: Mint Green, Blackberry Purple, Creme de Cacao Brown, Cherry Red, Citrus Orange and Amaretto White. Match them to your table decor and to your cordials.

Shown above at right, three new ideas in table décor. For more ideas, write for the Candle Arrangement Booklet. Send 25¢ in coin to Victory Candle Company, Dept. C, P.O. Box 890, Oakbrook, Wisconsin.



HIRAM WALKER'S
Creme de Menthe and
Blackberry Flavored Brandy

Four wild days and nights at Yale

Records were broken with awesome regularity during the AAU championships, a frothy battle from which Indiana's taut-trained swimmers emerged with a national title they have long wanted and deserved

Heavy water—not the kind used in cyclotrons but the kind produced when large men flay the contents of a pool with spirit and determination—was the main topic of discussion, and grievance, during the National AAU championships at Yale last week. The Nationals were of unusual importance this year, since the results would decide the selection of swimmers for the Pan American Games three weeks hence, and this, in turn, allowed Big Ten schools (if they wished) to enter the meet under their team colors.

The 25-yard pool at Yale has gutters at the sides but not at the ends and, during the four days of racing and diving, the waves in it—if complaining swimmers and coaches were taken seriously—rivalled the black gulls of Lake Erie in a winter gale.

After the 100-yard butterfly, which was won in the impressive time of 51.5 by Walter Richardson of Minnesota, Carl Robie of Peekskill Military Academy remarked, "It's the roughest pool I ever swam in. It kills you." Robie finished sixth. Chet Jastremski of Indiana told his coach, Dr. James Counsilman, that he had taken in so much water in the 100-yard breaststroke trial that afternoon he didn't think he could hold up for the finals. "Start fast off the blocks," said Counsilman, who is the foremost adherent of the anguish school of training, "and after the first lap really blast out." Jastremski, a mild young man out of the water, nodded and left to be down.

The order of the Yale relay team was altered because of the waves. Coach Phil Moriarty had noticed in the 100-yard freestyle race that Yale's nonpareil sprinter, Steve Clark, had been bounced "like a shuttlecock and wasn't able to get a hold on the water." Clark is, by present swimming standards, a slight young man who has abandoned the popular shaved dome in favor of a full head of hair. To keep the small and bony Clark from too much buffeting, Moriarty had him lead off the relay instead

of swimming third. The theory was that Clark would take the lead and be out of the pool, toweling himself, by the time the rollers began. The strategy worked. Untroubled, Clark pounded out a 47-second leg (second fastest 100 yards of the whole meet), and Yale broke all records for this kind of relay in this kind of pool. The time was 3:08.1.

Waves or no, the swimmers did well, with challengers, when they didn't finish first, pushing the defenders to frantic efforts. U. of Michigan freshman Bill Farley forced Roy Saari of the Southern California freshmen to swim 16:52.1 in the 1,650-yard freestyle, and 16-year-old Don Schollander forced Saari to swim 4:48.2 in the 500.

In 14 events 14 American records were set—probably a record itself, even for a swimming meet. Indiana smashed all opposition with more-than-expected fierceness and would have done even better had Tom Stock been awarded a judgment over Ensign Charles Bittick (who, at 23, is in his swimming dotage) in a

very close 200-yard backstroke event and if Indiana's medley swimmer Ted Stuckles had not been suffering from what swimmers call tennis elbow, which curtailed his training.

Indiana scored 91 points to 51 for the Southern California freshmen, 43 for the Los Angeles AC, 39 for Yale and 30 for Minnesota. Like Saari (who also won the 400-yard individual medley), Indiana's water baby, Chet Jastremski, won three individual events—the 200-yard medley and the 100- and 200-yard breaststrokes. And on the final night he swam his specialty in the 400-yard medley relay, which Indiana won.

Coach Counsilman, understandably upset because his swimmers have been banned from the NCAA tournament because of some hanky-panky in football recruiting at Indiana back in 1960, said before the meet, "I want to win this one big. Being kept out of the NCAA has knocked our recruiting of swimmers into a cocked hat." He seems to have done well with what he has. **END**



TRIPLE WINNER CHET JASTREMSKI GRINS AFTER SETTING BREASTSTROKE RECORD

Tune-up for an American assault

Fearless Ferraris, much as expected, took the first six places at Sebring, but some new U.S. cars looked like bright winners of the future

For a dozen years the citrus-ringed central Florida town of Sebring has been the focus of a kind of Marshall Plan in reverse. Europe has sent its fanciest cars and fastest drivers to the prestige-rich 12-hour race at Sebring to educate the Americans in road racing. By now the U.S. has a strong corps of native drivers, but at building its own road racing cars it has been pitifully backward.

Last week's Sebring 12 hours, however, proved that Europe's missionary work had brought real results. Never mind that Italian Ferraris and German Porsches screeched away with Sebring's top prizes, they always have. The lesson of Sebring 1963 was that the U.S., although still underdeveloped, might show teacher some speed one of these days.

Consider the evidence:

1) The home-built Chevrolet-engined Chaparral of Texan Jim Hall actually sprinted ahead of the Ferraris at one point—on merit, not by a fluke—and led the entire 65-car Sebring field for two

dazzling laps before, lamentably, the water hose worked loose and the car retired. Two laps is not much, but never before had an American car led so potent a field.

2) The Ford-engined Cobras of ex-Texan Carroll Shelby, now of California, hessed along so venomously that two of them, while healthy, outsped all the equivalent Ferrari rivals.

3) A theoretically outclassed Corvette Sting Ray, after nine hours of cut and thrust, popped up in fifth place among the Ferraris. Then, sadly, as if shaken by its audacity, the Corvette flipped its lid—blew a cylinder-head gasket.

By all means, let old Enzo Ferrari justly collect his bravos. He swept positions one through six, and that's not bad even for Ferrari, whose championships in sports car racing are past counting.

Outright winners John Surtees of Britain and Ludovico Scarfiotti of Italy were masterful, the fourth-place car and Grand Touring winner, driven by Amer-



cool idea for hot heads

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more reason this season to wear a

LEE

icans Roger Penske and Augie Pabst, was "perfect" as Roger termed it.

Let no due credit be denied Porsche, which took Sebring's other major prize—the GT trophy for middleweight cars—on the impeccable maneuvering of the U.S.'s Bob Holbert and Don West.

But, after years of famine, Americans can unashamedly relish their own Sebring cars—and now look forward to classic victories by home-built machinery.

Of the possible contenders on view at Sebring, the Cobra must be ranked No. 1. Wealthy though he is, Jim Hall has limited technical resources. General Motors could make the Corvette a racing terror internationally; indeed, GM built a number of superlight, startlingly swift Corvette Sting Rays expressly for Sebring—but then suppressed them. GM executive opinion is hardening against overt factory racing and, regrettably, the mightiest of Detroit's big three must be counted out for the time being.

That leaves the Cobra. It is not, of



BRITAIN'S SURTEES AFTER WAR

course, all-American. It is essentially the familiar English AC sports car powered by a Ford engine. Shelby made the AC deal last year to escape what he considered impossible American chassis prices while selecting a Ford V-8 engine for its reasonable price and power potential.

With the engine he also got Ford's surprised enthusiasm. Unspeakably tired of hearing the name Corvette—and without a sports car of its own—Ford suddenly had a means of combating GM's successful two-seater.

Needless to say, Ford backing could make the difference between a modest Cobra effort and a significant one. If the company is generous—and the signs point that way—the racing Cobra should become ever more American, sophisticated and powerful. There is already talk of a double overhead camshaft Ford engine for the hottest version of the 1964 Cobra. Shelby, who has never been bashful, says: "I think we may give Mr. Ferrari a shaking-up next season. I am confident that we can."

But that is for the future. Saturday, Shelby's chubby snakes put on a mighty good show. He entered four—each with a 289-cubic-inch, 350-hp Ford engine—while Ford's performance specialist, John Holman, entered one slightly less

road-going

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Ken Venturi, Royal Staff

Note the area in red. It's new Accelerator Thread.



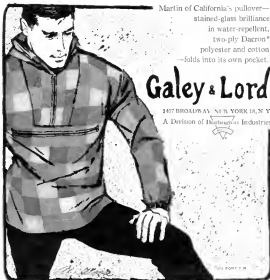
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MOTOR SPORTS continued

fierce. Shelby's top drivers were none other than Phil Hill, the 1961 world champion, and Dan Gurney, Hill's equally famous fellow Californian. Their opposition included five GT Ferraris, four fast and happy-sounding E Jaguars with light aluminum engine blocks and coachwork and seven normal Corvettes.

A few minutes after the explosive Le Mans start, the usual contingent of bizarrely dressed spectators—who often gape at one another as keenly as they do at the racing cars—were delighted to see Phil Hill complete the first lap of Sebring's car-torturing 5.2-mile course in first place. A wonderful moment, but a deceptive one. Sebring can be as tantalizingly decent as a knuckler thrown by Hoyt Wilhelm. Hill, who had proved in practice that he could outspeed GT Ferraris but not the faster "prototypes," had just gotten off to an exceptional start. The Penske-Pubst car was the fastest GT Ferrari, but never did it overtake Hill until brake trouble after two hours cost him an hour's repairs. It did not catch Gurney until the race's fifth hour, when his steering failed. Shelby doggedly repaired each car and, finally, had the pleasure of seeing both finish the full 12 hours. Hill's car in a very respectable 11th place.

Potential? The Cobra has gods. Deception? The popular leaders most of the day in the four-liter prototype Ferrari were Britain's mustached Graham Hill, the new world champion, and Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez, carrying on in racing though his talented brother Ricardo was recently killed. At times they looked easy winners. But Surtees and C o-driver Scarfflotto had, in their three-liter prototype Ferraris, the faster car.

They had early problems—minor failures—and made up for them. Hill and Rodriguez had their problems, too, but late. Slowly, inexorably, Surtees closed in, seizing the lead briefly at midday and permanently with but two hours to go. The car ultimately completed 209 laps, just one short of the 1961 Ferrari record. Surtees had gagged all day on fumes from an exhaust leak. He finally collapsed—but not until he had taken the checkered flag, posed for photographers and talked on radio.

"It was," he said just before he blacked out, "a very nice race indeed." It was, and, if America needed one, a dandy final seminar before the U.S. went its own way in road racing.

END

**Ten reasons
why you like girls:**

They're short.
They're tall.
They're big.
They're small.
They're red heads.
They're blondes.
They're brunettes.
They laugh.
They giggle.
They're not boys.

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REGULAR

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Use a full shoulder pivot for maximum distance. It's important to keep both feet flat on the ground during the swing. This stance will put all possible pull into your shoulders.

To build your golf wear around your build:

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Never stretch! Straighten your back and crouch at the knees. To steady your stance, assume one that is slightly wider than normal. Crouching at knees and a wider stance make for a strong, sturdy foundation.

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Coordinated with: Naveo 65 Magic Marker shorts. Rag., long and short thigh lengths in your waist size, \$6.95.



SHORT

Add distance to your drives by using a larger turn away from the ball and a flatter swing. It follows that a wider stance than usually employed will give you better balance throughout the swing.

Calcutta X-Pan: This Modres Look takes over on the links and on the clubhouse. Action back. Cool cotton, \$5.95. Matching cap, \$3.00. Glove, \$3.95.

Coordinated with: Naveo 65 Magic Marker socks. Magnitized marker indicates the lie of your golf ball, snaps to belt buckle. Rag., long and short, \$12.95.



BRAWNY

Concentrate on a good shoulder turn. This essential for your best game delivers much of the power of the swing. At address, stay erect and place your feet closer together than is the usual practice.

New X-Pan Knit Shirt: Features the Her-with-you X-Pan action back. 100% washable combed cotton, \$5.00.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A gift of bad luck from a lady

Make no mistake about it, playing winning bridge is a science. In the long run, the luck of the cards has to balance out and the best man finishes on top. The player who claims his finesses never work is one who has either a very bad memory or a very poor understanding of when to finesse. But if luck can't influence the cards themselves, it can influence other things at a bridge table, and there are occasions when even the most experienced bridge player has every right to claim he was just unlucky.

Take, for example, something that happened to me during my Caribbean bridge cruise last winter. I was playing South with a hand that, once the opening lead had been made, looked to be as simple and pleasant as sipping a planter's punch.

The bidding was classically routine. North's nine points were just right for a raise of my opening no-trump bid,

*East-West vulnerable
South dealer*

<p>WEST NORTH EAST</p>			
<p>SOUTH SOUTH</p>			
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of hearts

my 17, plus a good five-card suit, were ample to justify continuing on to game.

West's opening lead, however, requires explaining. As sometimes happens when the light is dim or when a player ought to be wearing glasses but isn't, West had viewed her red queen as being a heart instead of a diamond. She was making the normal lead from what she thought was a five-card suit headed by the king-queen-10. She recovered from her error in time. I was never able to recover from it.

Upon winning the first heart trick with the ace, I crossed to dummy's jack of spades to lead the diamond 9 for a finesse. East and I played small, and it was at this point that the lady discovered her supposed queen of hearts was able to win the diamond trick. I give her credit for doing so without any telltale gesture whatever. What's more, her return of the 10 of hearts made it impossible for me to recoup even if I had been able to guess the situation.

I, of course, fully expected dummy's jack to hold the heart trick. But East won with the queen and continued hearts. The defense took three heart tricks and two diamonds, putting my three no-trump bid down one.

"Sorry, partner," West apologized to East. "When I sorted my hand, I thought my red queen was a heart."

It seems to me that West was apologizing to the wrong player. It was I who was the injured party. No lead but the high heart could threaten my three no-trump contract. If West had properly sorted her cards, her normal heart lead would have been the 5. Letting that run to my hand would insure a double stopper, as the cards lay. If East played an intermediate card, the 9 would win the first trick. If East played the queen to force the ace, dummy's jack would provide a second guard. The defenders could collect two hearts and two diamonds but they could not get another trick.

EXTRA TRICK

A five-card suit, even a five-card major, is no reason not to open with a bid of one no trump if your hand is balanced (that is, 5-3-3-2) and counts 16 or 17 points in high cards. But with 18 points a five-carder would put your hand over the limit. Your doubleton, when counted for a suit bid, would bring your total to 19—one too many for a no-trumper.

END

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DEATH OF A CHAMPION

continued from page 21

Flounder Moore did as the fight resumed. He stumbled around the ring defenseless while Ramos landed at will. Finally a right smashed Moore through the ropes, draping him over the middle strand, his back to the ring. Even Ramos apparently had had enough; he just stood to the side watching. "I grabbed Ramos by the hand," Latka said, "and was going to give Moore a mandatory eight count even though he wasn't down. But then the bell rang, and I grabbed Moore and pulled him up. I put down my score for the round, and I was about to go over and look at Moore when Willie [Ketchum] came up and said he wanted it stopped. I had determined that if Moore hadn't come around in 30 seconds I was going to stop the fight."

Ramos, the new champion, and Moore, the battered ex-champion, posed for photographers, then walked to their dressing rooms. After talking to reporters, Ramos and Rodriguez, stablemates as well as countrymen, went to a Latin restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard to rejoice in their championships. Ironically, hanging among the pictures of boxers in the window were the championship

gloves of the late Benny Paret. Not until morning did Ramos learn of Moore's collapse.

For the better part of three days, until his condition began to deteriorate in the early hours of Monday morning, Moore remained unconscious but alive in the hospital. From the first, however, there was little room for medical doubt—only hope—as to Moore's eventual fate. "In his case, I am very pessimistic," said Dr. Kenneth H. Abbott, one of three brain specialists attending Moore. "My personal feeling is that it is much less than a 50-50 chance." According to Dr. Abbott and Drs. Philip J. Vogel and Cyril B. Courville, the other specialists, Moore had a bruise on his brain stem. Specifically, it was a swelling about an inch in diameter. The doctors said that the swelling was caused by a fall rather than a punch, and after looking at a video tape of the fight, they concluded that Moore probably suffered the injury when the back of his head struck the ring rope—which has a steel cable core—after the knockdowns in the 10th. "This hitting the rope was the only thing that would have given

continued



STRAPPED TO A STRETCHER, UNCONSCIOUS MOORE IS CARRIED TO AN AMBULANCE



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DEATH OF A CHAMPION

him enough of a jolt to do it," Dr. Courville said. "The jabs earlier probably set the stage." Dr. Vogel said, "I think that explains it pretty well. At least hitting the rope was the *coup de grâce*. Of course, he got hit in the chin after that happened, and this could have been a contributing factor, too."

The doctors did not consider surgery because, unlike either Paret or Lysaume, Moore had no hemorrhage or clot. They had no choice but to wait—

cal violence, there has been an almost criminal lack of controlled, scientific exploration in the area of protecting that primary target of a fighter's fists, the human head. Preflight encephalographic examinations—which California administrators—and a quick look by even the most competent referee during the heat of a championship fight obviously are only part of the answer. If boxing is to survive, its supervisors need to know a lot more about it.



FOLLOWING HIS VICTORY, RAMOS CELEBRATES WITH CO WINNER RODRIGUEZ (LEFT)

hoping that the swelling might subside. It never did.

The California commission, perhaps the most capable in the country, has already started an investigation. And based on past performance, the commission's report can be expected to be straightforward and unsparing in its criticisms. Moore's death is a terrible thing, but in this case the public interest can best be served by scientific inquiry, not by the hasty pronouncements of the governor.

For a sport so bound up with phys-

This is an era, for example, in which athletes run faster, jump higher and lift greater and greater weights. Do boxers hit harder than the Sullivans and Ketchels of yesterday? If they do, as is quite likely, then some protection must be provided for the delicate tissues of the brain, which certainly have not changed with the years. There is both boxing and medical opinion that headgear is ineffective. But that does not necessarily mean that no adequate protective headgear can be found now. The promoters wait that artificial head protection is certain death



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at the box office, but this is hardly a consideration when the alternative may be death in the ring.

The often enervating practice of making weight, in which a fighter forces an already taut, strained body to lose another pound—or even five ounces—deserves a great deal of special research, particularly after what happened last Thursday night. It was an open secret that Moore had endured a frightful ordeal in making the 126-pound limit for his last few fights. Between fights, friends say, he had ballooned up above 150 pounds. While there are no scientific data that would connect Moore's brain injury with the dehydrating process of weight reduction, enervation may have helped open him to Ramos' attack. (Moore's hands began to drop from their usual defensive position as early as the fifth round.)

Emile Griffith may also be having trouble making weight. After his fight with Rodriguez his legs cramped, and he had to be helped from his dressing-room chair into the shower. His manager blamed "soft" ring padding, but this bothered no one else. Doctors agree that muscle cramps are a frequent sign of dehydration. Torres, knocked out by Cruz in the "junior" welterweight fight, also had trouble making the weight. In fact, before the weigh-in his camp talked of giving him a diarrheal pill to make him lighter for the scales. They finally decided against it. Again, no scientific study ever has been made of weight-reduction methods employed by boxers. One should, and a boxing commission is the obvious agency to authorize it. If the California commission hopes to benefit boxing, it will press for answers to some of the questions stated here.

In the meantime, the remarks uttered by Sugar Ramos when he heard of Moore's collapse must stand as the valedictory in this tragic affair.

"I did not want to hurt Moore," Ramos said. "In the ring the fighters are partners. They put on the match. Not to hurt or kill, but to show skill and win the challenge. After the fight my opponent is my brother. But this tragedy is a thing all fighters must live with. It might have been me who was badly injured. Knowing that it could happen, I accept it, and perhaps so did Moore. Perhaps yesterday was his destiny and mine some other day."

EMO



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RAMBLERS WRECK CINCY

Continued from page 1

shooting had been dreadful, eight baskets in 34 attempts. All-America Harkness had been held to zero points by almost All-America Yates.

"I'm not going to bowl you out," Ireland told his team, father-to-son-like, at half time. "The ball's just not dropping for you. But it will. You're getting the shots and it will. You're a better team than they are."

Cincinnati came out to make it a rout in the second half. The Bearcats sank five out of six shots in one stretch. Then Bonham hit three in a row as Wilson screamed out Rouse, and, with 12 minutes to play, Cincy led by a devastating 45-30. But, subtly, a change was taking place. Pressured perhaps more than they have ever been—though Jucker denied this later—the usually errorless Bearcats began turning over the ball on mistakes, and even worse, got into foul trouble.

Now the Loyola drivers were scoring instead of missing. At 10-21, with the score 45-33, Wilson acquired his fourth foul, and Jucker horned in Dale Heidott, his "bench" Heidott was the only substitute of the game, and he was in for only four minutes. Cincy now stopped shooting. In fact, its top scorer, Bonham, went the last 17 minutes of the game, including the overtime, without getting off a shot. Supercautious because there were now four fouls each on Thacker, Wilson and Yates, the Bearcats stalled—which is their custom, too. They generally make the free throws they're afforded when the stall becomes so maddening that the opposition fouls trying to get the ball. But this time Cincy was missing one foul shot out of every two. The once huge lead dwindled unbelievably: 48-39, 48-43, 50-48.

Time was still in Cincinnati's favor when Harkness intentionally fouled Shingleton with 12 seconds to play and the Bearcats leading by 53-52. Shingleton made the first free throw and grinned back at Yates. One more would clinch it. But the shot dribbled off the rim to Hunter and, quicker than you can say it, the ball was down-court to Harkness, he had it in the basket, and the score was tied 54-54. There were five seconds left in regulation time, but Cincy didn't call time out to set up one last shot. Jucker said later he yelled but couldn't be heard above the crowd, which by this time was wild.

In the overtime, baskets were traded until it was 58-58. Loyola was then in

possession with 2:15 to play and, except for one brief moment when Shingleton tied up Egan and forced a jump, the Ramblers whiffed away the seconds playing for one shot. By design it would be set up for Harkness, their best. Bonham was on Harkness now as he dribbled to the left corner, circled under and came up to shoot. Bonham was still there, slapping at the ball—and Harkness passed off to Hunter in the middle. Hunter shot and missed—right into the hands of Rouse on the right side. "I didn't tip it in," Rouse said later. "I grabbed it, tight, jumped up and laid it in. I'd missed a couple like that and I wanted to be so sure. Oh, my, it felt good."

Bedlam followed, as if on cue. A Cincinnati fan hit a Loyola fan with a chair, but the Loyola fan didn't seem to mind. Egan, the tough little fatty, screamed something about "winning this for Chicago" into a radio mike. There were huge clusters of fans and bands around the dressing rooms, and, indiscriminately, both sides were claiming "No. 1, No. 1, No. 1" with raised fists.

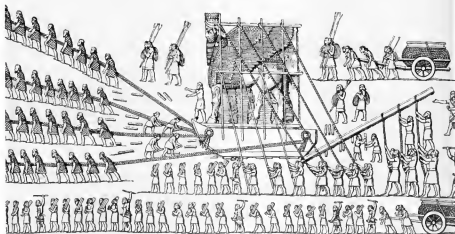
Jucker said he forced 93-points-a-game Loyola to play Cincy's game and considered 60 points and 61 Loyola misses out of 84 shots a job well done—"except for the fouls and the finish." He could have noted that his deliberate team would have won easily if it had not done what no deliberate team can afford to do: lose the ball 16 times on errors (Loyola, playing at a pace where errors are expected, lost the ball only three times).

Ireland, meanwhile, said it was his team that forced the action, forced the fouls, harassed the Bearcats into their mistakes and, ultimately, beat them with a wall right out of the Jucker book.

Both coaches were right. It had been a stirring contest of master planners, of offense and defense, and if this game went to the offense, and rightfully so, it wasn't nearly decisive enough to make a convert of Ed Jucker. He has two of those national championship trophies back in Cincinnati, gold-plated testimony to the virtues of defense. But now George Ireland has one in Chicago in the name of run-and-shoot. What's more, four of his starters are back next year. The Jesuit Fathers at Loyola had better build George a trophy case—and while they're at it, how about a full-time secretary, and some sleeping pills for daughter Kathy?

END

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Fitness



Takes a Beating on Television

Next week the 'Dick Powell Theater' asks the question: Can Underdog Ricardo Montalban (supine with barbell below) find happiness matching muscle with the villainous Lee Marvin (standing)?

For TV's encouraging answer, turn the page

BY HUSTON HORN





First of the two fights in the play begins in the locker room of the Club Del Mar. Marvin comes out of the shadows (top) and attacks Montalban. Getting the worst of it, Montalban runs into the change room (center), and reenters Marvin into a stall and turns on the hot water.

Are you really an un-American lout if you're physically fit? Well, for goodness' sake, of course you're not. And the proof of that can be seen next week on NBC's *Dick Powell Theater* (Tuesday, April 2, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.) which, a lot of people think, is one of the best hour-long dramatic shows on television. In fact, after watching this athletic adventure, a TV rarity, slothful people everywhere who take a dim view of pushups, wheat germ, 50-mile hikes and certain utterances from the New Frontier will take heart. The way the play states the case for them, this out-of-shape hero (Ricardo Montalban), at 5 feet 11 and 175 pounds, gets the goat of the physquely heavy (Lee Marvin), at 6 feet 3 and 190 pounds. He gets away with it in two splendid, dirty-dealing, karate-style fights that culminate with Marvin, a no-account dumbbell-parlor proprietor, being chucked over a cliff to his just deserts. Whereupon the puffing Montalban dusts off his hands, smiles at his wife and goes back in the house to finish his breakfast. Naturally, Bruce Geller, the play's author, has more to say than blessed are the weak sisters. "I want to show," he explains, "that there's a little bit of evil, a little lust for killing, in all of us. Also, sponsors go for this sort of thing."

For the sake of the plot—and, presumably, the sponsors—Lee Marvin has allowed his little lust for killing to get out of hand. Eighteen years ago, we learn, he served under Captain Montalban in a Marine raider outfit and enjoyed every murderous minute of it. So nowadays, after he's shut down his gymnasium for the day, he goes around murdering private citizens. His beef, he tells Montalban, is that criminals, for the price of a smart lawyer (Montalban has become a smart lawyer since the war, you understand), can wind up sitting pretty when they ought to wind up sitting in the chair. For example, the play opens with Marvin throttling a girl in a junkyard. The girl is innocent, it seems, but her father allowed a child to suffocate in an abandoned icebox, and his mouthpiece got him off with a fine of a mere \$500. Junkyard Girl is Marvin's fifth in-for-tat victim. But, as Marvin eventually finds out, smart lawyers can hurt killers as well as help them.

The name of Geller's play is *Epilogue*, and it was produced by Four Star Television, one of the major film makers in the country. *Epilogue*, or Four Star Production 5177, was filmed in and around Los Angeles in late February. Counting the cast of six, the extras and the filming crew, the number of people involved was about 75. It took six days to shoot, the total cost to Four Star was close to \$140,000 and it will run on the air for 46 minutes and 40 seconds. Like most commercial movies, the play was filmed in a chronological disarray of scenes that took cutting room technicians another two weeks to reassemble in proper sequence.

The call sheet for Monday, Feb. 18 said that Lee Marvin and Ricardo Montalban had appointments with the wake-up man at 6:30 a.m. They didn't mind the hour since they



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TV Fitness

the fight as they went, Kowalski and the stunt men huddled together and talked, then showed Montalban how he was to pick up a breakaway towel table and lunge at Marvin. The scene went fine, except that the balsa-wood tabletop failed to break away, and a leg fell off it instead. "Spoilsport," said Marvin, holding his throbbing hand and talking to the table that now lay on the floor, smiling. The special-effects man, Bob Gray, came up looking chagrined. He tacked the leg back on, then scored the underside of the table top with a pocket knife, scoring the tip of his finger in the process. Set to go again, Montalban lifted the table in front of his face and Marvin broke through it easily, then drew back his fist and threw a punch at Montalban's nose through the hole he had made. Kowalski was delighted. "I think we're stuck with another hit," said Sam Freedle, the script supervisor.

The special-effects man was back then with a Band-Aid and a smoke box—an electric heater over whose coils a mist of mineral oil is sprayed. The idea was for the actors to carry the fight inside a shower stall, where Montalban would pretend to turn on the hot water and pounce his antagonist. "Action, please," said Kowalski and, as the two men began to grapple and shout, Montalban twisted the faucet and steam boiled up from the harmless smoke box. Not waiting for Kowalski's signal, both men suddenly popped out from under the water. By mistake Montalban had turned on the hot. "Cool," said Lee Marvin.

By 4:30 the shower was finished and the actors had changed into duplicate dry clothes. Because that's the way these things are done, the scene had backed up four pages to the beginning of the light. In it, Montalban comes into the darkened locker room and pokes around while Marvin, hidden in the shadows, throws insults and Indian clubs his way. Blam! "Captain, you're one step and 18 years too slow." A few cautious steps farther on, Montalban glanced into a mirror—Yipe! here comes another one. For this segment Prepmen McCullen threw the club, but the mirror,

like the tabletop, failed to break. "Oh, here," said Bruce Geller. "I'll do it." The film rolled. Geller missed the mirror by two feet and nobody saw a word. McCullen took over again, and third time was charm.

Such is the perversity of film making that the problem arising next was the reverse of the mirror's tenacity. Marvin is supposed to shove a locker over on Montalban, who is spared a squashing only by a strategically placed bench. A Del Mar bench was scraped into position. It crumpled and collapsed under the first test fall of the heavy metal locker, while Montalban, who fought bulls in his Mexican youth, looked on, growing sick to his stomach. A second Del Mar bench was drawn up. A leg was missing. Then a third. Creak, crack, splinter. "What are these things? Break-aways?" said Lee Marvin. "To hell with it," said Eddie Denault. "You prop guys can build your own bench tonight and we'll shoot it tomorrow. Let's go home." "That suits me 100%," said Montalban, color returning. "After all, this is television. You give your best but you don't give your life."

Tuesday's shooting, with a few exceptions (for exteriors, conjunctive exits and entrances and the like) would be confined to a continuation of the fight. Like an aggravated, slow-motion sauna bath, it would progress from yesterday's scalding shower into the chill of the swimming pool. Before getting to that, Kowalski wanted to shoot a brief scene in which Marvin lets Montalban "take the tour" of Club Del Mar. For decoration and atmosphere, a handful of trim-looking girls and as many paunchy, executive-type male extras had been called. "Are we supposed to get wet?" said a girl in a bathing suit. "Well, you don't have to get wet, but you have to get in the pool," said Mike Moder, the second assistant director. The girl glared and Moder laughed. Moder then poked up an inflated ball, a prop for a water hockey game, and began to take stylish shots at a net floating in the pool. Bruce Geller came up and joined him and lost a dollar bet in short order. (Geller went to Yale to write short stories. Moder went to Loyola University in

continued



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Columbus, Georgia

TV Fitness *continued*

Los Angeles to play basketball on a four-year scholarship.) "Fantastic," said Marvin. "Both of them are back in high school and Four Star's paying the tuition." Moder quit shooting the ball in a few minutes and came over to Marvin. "You'll have to move, Lee, we're getting set to roll." "I can't move, baby," said Marvin. "It's my turn to throw some baskets." Moder glared and Marvin laughed.

With the atmosphere established, Bill Catching began to make preparations for a leap that would carry him into the pool from a balcony 15 feet up and six feet back from the water's edge. "I've never been hurt," said Catching, dusting powdered resin on the balcony guard rail, "unless you count the time a girl knocked me out with a balsa-wood club. She was supposed to swing hard, but she checked and . . ." "Bill? Are you ready?" shouted Kowalski from across the pool where the camera had been set up. "I guess," said Bill, and he was gone on the sound of Kowalski's "Action, please." "I think I'll try that after lunch," said Marvin. "People have the idea everything is faked in these things. Besides, today is my birthday [his 39th]. I might as well celebrate." Later, fortified by lunch, he did jump and was applauded by the crew.

Fortified by nothing beyond successive cups of coffee and bowls of Dan-hall's "My Mixture" pipe tobacco (No. A11010), Bruce Geller left the gym at lunchtime for the Republic Pictures lot, where Four Star leases space. He wanted to see prints (called dailies) of Monday's shooting, and after he had parked beside a stretch of curb with his name painted on it he went into a small projection room. There he was joined by Bernie Burton, the film's supervising editor, and Sam Beately, the cutter. When the dailies had been shown, Burton told Geller the fight scenes were running a little dark and to think about it. Beately said, "I think that's as good a fight as I've seen in a long time." Considering it hadn't been a long time since Beately was chief cutter on that epic of the Normandy invasion, *The Longest Day*, all present exchanged looks and pressed their lips in approving moues.

continued

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TV Fitness (continued)

Geller said thank you, excused himself and rushed back to the Del Mar. He found Kowalski and Denault talking beside the pool, and went up to them. "How were they?" Kowalski said. "Magnificent! Fantastic!" said Geller. "Were any of the wheels there?" Denault said. Geller said something, and all three smiled. In the water, Marvin smiled, too, only nastily and at Montalban, who had just released him from a full Nelson as a rehearsal of an upcoming scene. "Go home, Captain," Marvin sneered, and swam off. "Isn't that great?" he said, paddling to the side. "One second I'm a dead duck, the next I lay off like Esther Williams. It's eerie." "Why the devil don't they ever tell a guy what's going on around this place?" said a sour-looking man who had just learned the pool was closed to Del Mar members like himself. They finished the day pushing the locker over upon the creaking Montalban. Four Star's bench didn't even quiver. "Thank the good Lord that's over," said Montalban. "See you," Marvin said, leaving for a PTA meeting.

Wednesday dawned cold and clear, but by 8 had changed to cold and foggy. The crew by then had assembled on the lawn of a private house in a well-to-do section called Mandeville Canyon. The house was formerly the home of the late Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson, and through the indulgence of its present owners, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Worden, is occasionally used by Four Star for well-to-do exteriors. The Wordens are paid \$250 a day to help them get over the trampled grass.

Waiting for the fog to lift, Marvin sat on the tailgate of an equipment truck reading the *Hollywood Reporter*. Hank Grant's "On the Air" column said that Lee Marvin was still steaming because yesterday it took him an hour to drive from his beach house in Malibu to the Four Star studio at Republic, only to be chauffeured back to Club Del Mar, five minutes from his home. The facts are that Marvin was yawning, not steaming; he lives in a canyon, not on the beach, in Santa Monica, not Malibu, and he drove himself to Club Del Mar in about 10 minutes. "What do you suppose they were drinking last night?" Marvin said.



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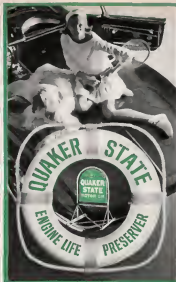
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Since the fog, like everyone else, was just hanging around, Kowalski decided at 9 to go it alone under huge area lamps. But no sooner than he had said "roll, please" for the day's first scene (Montalban finds dynamite wired to his car the morning after the gym fight) than an airplane drowned noisily overhead. "Cut!" said Kowalski, nettled. "That's probably a Revue air force fighter," he said, making an inside joke about one of Four Star's biggest competitors, Revue Productions, Inc. Because of more planes and the lighting problems created by the shifting fog, a few pages of slow-moving action (Montalban with his wife and son after the great cliff scene) took most of the morning. But everyone's spirits seemed to lift when the second of the two fights began.

During the night, Marvin has come to the Montalban/Worden house, wired the dynamite, cut the phone cord and made off with all the kitchen knives. Upon discovering this state of affairs, Montalban, old Marine jungle fighter that he is, grabs a marshmallow-toasting fork and goes out a bathroom window looking for the troublemaker. (The bathroom window is really a window in the Worden's bar. The toasting fork idea came to Geller in an inspirational flash at home: "What would I use if all my knives had been stolen?" I asked myself, and looked around until I found something.") Rick found Lee, up to his old tricks, up on the roof and still making slighting remarks: "Why, shame on you, Captain. What are you doing outside when your family's inside?"

With help from the stunt men, Montalban soon showed Marvin what he was doing outside. Once Marvin had leaped off the roof (it was really Catching who jumped, but Lee Marvin fans are hereby assured that he was going to do it himself until Kowalski said nothing doing), Montalban wrestled and karated with him most of the afternoon. ("Hey, we don't allow fighting here," shrieked the Wordens' 3-year-old daughter when she came home from nursery school and saw with astonishment what was going on out by her swing.) Shortly before sundown the fight, in its final, gasping stages, had reached the precipice of the short

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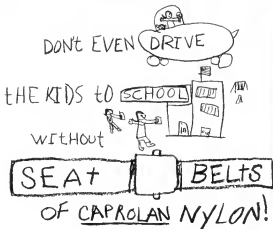
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TV Fitness *continued*

cliff in the Worden's front yard. At which point Marvin and Montalban discreetly stood aside while Henry got set to flip Catching over his back and the brink. "What if I hit the tripod?" Catching shouted to the cameramen at the foot of the cliff. "Don't worry about it," said one. "It won't break." "I'm not worried about it, baby," said Catching. A close-up shot made moments after the stunt caught Montalban panting as he looked down upon Marvin, whose bloody head rested against a fiberglass boulder. Montalban was out of breath because he had jumped up and down about 20 times.

The rest of *Epilogue* was finished on the Republic lot on the huge, barnlike stages, before a false-front house (San Fresno's) and on a back lot for the junkyard murder. Work began Thursday morning, for example, in a three-walled dining room. In a breakfast scene that dawdled along until 11, Montalban and his family (Patricia Breslin and Bobby Crawford) were obliged to pick over plates of gaggling cold scrambled eggs and hashed browns bought at the studio commissary at 8 o'clock. That, too, is show business.

"Is Rick playing the good guy or the bad guy?" said Jackie Drake, Pat Breslin's stand-in, who had interrupted a chess game with the camera dolly operator so that lights could be set overhead for the next scene (in the living room). Pat Breslin, relaxing meanwhile in an easy chair, looked up to see a visiting actor friend. "Is this a good show?" he said. "I think so," she said. "Do you ever read those little pamphlets that come in the telephone bills?" said one extra to another, time on their hands. "I was his captain, I made him!" Montalban read aloud from his script. "Wait a minute," he said, looking up as Bruce Geller panted. "I can't say *that*, can I? Maybe I should say 'I made him what he is.'" Geller, a winter-tanned wither, shrugged.

The scene shifted, considerably later, to the kitchen. "Rick," said Bernie Kowalski, "remember you have just discovered that this man is in your house. I think you want to show urgency but it's coming across more like panic." "Oh, I see, I see," said Montalban. "Yes, you are right." Geller's script says Montalban

continued



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TV Fitness . . . continued

must also show 18 years evaporating from his frame at this critical moment, and that his voice must be "low but hard." After two rehearsals, Kowalski felt he and Montalban together had mastered all this, and they shot it. But somehow, the way it comes off, the Montalban family resembles girl scouts on night patrol as it goes hand in hand to the safety of the ball bathroom. "It looked terrible," Montalban said afterward, and it did, but the crew was already shifting its equipment. "Anybody want to play a little football?" said Mike Moder, the athlete, twirling a prop he'd spotted in Bobby Crawford's bedroom.

At 9 a.m. Friday John Wayne was on the set, being filmed as the "host" of another Dick Powell Theater production, while the *Epilogue* cast stood by. "Thank you for allowing me to spend this hour with you," Wayne said with solemn sincerity. "Good night." "Good night, Duke," said Marvin, and Wayne went out into the morning sunshine. Friday was also George Washington's and George Diskant's birthday. A 2-by-4-foot cake was brought onto a police station set after lunch for the cameraman. "Why no cake for the star on her birthday?" said Lee Marvin, 75, in fun. Otherwise, except for a fine performance that morning by Sondra Kerr, a dancer and the junkyard murder victim, the day dragged by tediously and would run late into the night to film the junkyard exterior scenes over by the Republic incinerator.

Perhaps, after another long day Monday of protracted, sometimes murky philosophical discussions between Marvin and Montalban about life, death and the law, Lee Marvin spoke for everyone as he and Montalban rehearsed a final scene. In it, Montalban is lifting an 85-pound barbell borrowed from the Del Mar gym (equipped with balsa-wood inserts to make it look heavier) while Marvin leans over him, chatting about Marine days. As the light dims and we dissolve toward the nearest exit, we hear Marvin reciting his lines. "Had enough, Steve?"

Montalban (straining): Of exercise or old times?

Marvin (ad libbing): Of this whole ba, baby, this whole wild bit.

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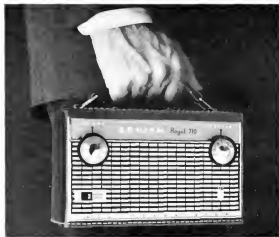


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YESTERDAY

They All Missed a Bet on Big Red

Everyone, that is, except his owner, who cleaned up when the greyhound romped in at 100 to 1

by PETER B. KYNE

In the early '30s there lived in California a Roman Catholic priest who had served so well that he finally got on the archbishop's list of those who could never be removed from command of his parish. The archbishop also assigned two or three young priests to release him from the burden of listening to confessions and answering night calls, so that for the first time in his life the old padre had time on his hands. He acquired a couple of greyhounds and began coursing jackrabbits in the vast grassy fields that in those days swept between the counties of Los Angeles and Orange. As a boy in Ireland he had enjoyed coursing hares, and this was a fair substitute, except he missed the big red greyhounds of Connemara.

One day he decided that importing a good specimen of that Irish strain and racing him at dog tracks would, in all probability, bring him welcome revenue. From his meager wage the priest had saved \$1,500, and now he blew it all to import a red one from Connemara. When the dog arrived, the priest sent him up to a trainer at Belmont, the only dog track then operating. Belmont was 40 minutes by automobile from San Francisco and the track did a big business, even during those Depression days.

I had a friend named Peterson who lived close to the Belmont dog track. He had a huge lot surrounded by a 10-foot chicken-wire fence. A row of chicken houses were in the rear, all souvenirs of the former owner. Peterson was at the time a minor contractor, his specialty being the removal of dirt, but after the

Depression set in, business was very bad with him. When one day a dog trainer proposed that Peterson rent his big lot to corral the trainer's dogs and those he boarded and trained, Peterson was receptive. In order to sweeten the deal he rented the dog trainer his finished basement and put in some sketchy furnishings so that the trainer could live there and look after his dogs. And Peterson even cleaned and disinfected the old chicken houses and bedded them with sawdust so the dogs would have shelter.

Peterson became acquainted with greyhounds but he never became friendly with them, for the greyhound is a cold and indifferent dog. He is often nervous and generally resentful of his brother greyhounds but will not attack them valiantly like other dogs. Peterson gradually began to hate greyhounds.

When the priest's greyhound arrived in Belmont the trainer brought him to Peterson's place. When turned loose in the yard, the dog proved he was Irish by expeditiously thrashing all the other greyhounds in a line, mainly by way. Since he had an unpronounceable Gaelic name, he was given an alias—Big Red.

After Big Red had undergone a period of training to lumber his leg muscles, he was taken one morning to the local dog track to be given a qualifying speed test and introduced to the mechanical rabbit. One of the rules of dog racing was that an entry must first qualify at minimum speed, for the public must be protected from betting on a dog that can never win.

Big Red failed to qualify. He broke well and in three jumps was leading the field, but as the pack came into the turn, all yelping madly, Big Red seemed to lose interest and dropped back—apparently in disgust at being asked to chase a mechanical rabbit. Six times Big Red was asked to qualify and six times he quit. Finally the trainer wrote the priest that his imported dog was a hopeless failure. The priest immediately went to Belmont and watched his dog try and fail again. He said to the trainer:

"Take him to the local pound and have him mercifully destroyed. His breeding is royal but I'll not sell him as a stud dog. He might propagate failures as great as himself."

The priest, however, owed the trainer a fee for working on the dog. Peterson stepped in and said that if the trainer did not bill His Reverence, but procured from him a formal bill of sale for Big Red, he, Peterson, would remit one month's rent to the trainer. The deal

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Sports Illustrated



Detroit
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WILLIAM B. CLARK, JR.—Chicago Advertising Sales Manager. Bill started in HMT Inc., a reer in Chicago, became Chicago Advertising Sales Manager for LORETTA and then joined SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Chicago sales staff in 1951. After five years in Cleveland Sales Manager for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, he returned this year to Chicago, a homecoming in more ways than one. Bill went to high school in Evanston before attending the Hamilton College. He is President of Hamilton's Society of Alumni and adds to this honor a gentleman's golf handicap, a high score in bowling and a well respected talent in the ladies table.

JAMES Y. SNEDECOR—Cleveland Advertising Sales Manager. Born and raised in Toledo, Jim attended the Ottawa Hills School and the University of Toledo, graduating with an A.B. in advertising and marketing. He has been with the Cleveland ad sales office since 1954, was appointed SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's classification manager for household products and equipment in 1962. He served three years in the Army and was decorated with the Bronze Star Purple Heart with two citations and the Combat Infantry Badge. Seasonally, Jim can be found in his favorite duck blind or playing away at another true love, golf.

WILLIAM B. KELLY, JR.—Detroit Advertising Sales Manager. Bill recently assumed command of the Detroit office after more than eight years as a member of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Chicago sales staff. A native of Highland Park, Illinois, he is one of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's best athletes. Bill starred in baseball and basketball at Beloit, where he held an athletic scholarship and where he took his Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration. He served two years in the Marine Corps, still plays top-notch basketball with a local amateur team. This keeps him in shape for his expert summer game of golf.

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Sportswear, Inc., Tacoma 1, Washington

They All Missed a Bet

was made and Peterson had saved Big Red from the gas chamber—partly from pity and partly out of a sense of justice for he did not believe Big Red was a failure. Why should he break so swiftly and always quit on the turn? Why should his enthusiasm ebb so promptly at that point? Besides, Peterson had thought that in the general hullabaloo of a pack of yelping dogs he had detected a note of pain. Could it have come from Big Red?

Peterson took Big Red to San Francisco and had his legs X-rayed. The picture showed that the middle toe of the dog's left front foot had been fractured. The fracture was half knitted and probably would have knitted fully if Big Red had been immobilized for two months.

The veterinary rebroke the toe and set it properly in a cast. Six weeks later the fracture was healed and Peterson put the dog in training. In another month Peterson asked for a new qualification trial at the Belmont dog track, and with the speed of the mechanical rabbit slowed to the minimum Big Red qualified without extending himself.

Peterson then arranged with his tenant dog trainer to enter the dog and handle him in a race carded for fairly good dogs. Knowing the fans had never heard of Big Red, Peterson figured he would be neglected in the betting and be an outstanding overlay. He hooked his old jalopy to bet on him, and when Big Red romped home and paid 100 to 1 the Depression was over for Peterson. He kept entering the dog in good fields and Big Red kept winning. Big Red still paid good odds, and Peterson bet as much as he dared without breaking the price. Finally Big Red was exposed as a triple-N-sleeper, and when Peterson had to take 1 to 2 for his money, the harvest days were over. Peterson, however, had bought two dump trucks at Depression prices with his winnings and had secured a good digging contract. He had no more time to fuss with Big Red and he sold him for \$7,500 as a stud dog. Ever since the Peterson family has been happy and prosperous.

Dog tracks have long since been outlawed in California. They had to go when the horse tracks came back, but Portland, Ore., is a dog-track town, and one day you might get a chance to visit the track. If you do and you see a dog colored like an Irish setter, bet on him on the off chance that his male ancestor was from Connemara.

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

After four months of competition, the college basketball season ended in a final flurry of excitement that filled two great arenas to overflowing and captured the attention of millions on television. Loyola of Chicago, a high-jumping, fast-shooting band of underdogs, staged a withering second-half comeback to upset Cincinnati 60-58 in overtime at the NCAA finals in Louisville's Freedom Hall (see page 22) while Providence, another running team, beat Canisius 81-66 for the National Invitation Tournament championship in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Some 5,000 more Providence fans were among the sellout crowd of 18,499 on hand for the NIT final, and they whooped it up with a seemingly endless chant of "Let's go, Friars," while a sweet-footing band, led by a foot-tapping priest, beat out lovely tunes. It was a wonder they had even a squeak left when Coach Joe Mullane removed his starters from the game as the final minutes and happily embraced every Friar he could reach.

It was all a just reward for Mullane's patience and fortitude through a season in which the Friars kept him fretting nervously. In their early games Mullane had the team attacking deliberately, and it was their peculiar but extremely quick-handed defense—a strange combination of zone and man-to-man—that earned them their victories. But the players weren't happy with a ball-control game. So, in midseason, Mullane decided to let them run. It proved to be a wise decision. Providence had the rebounders it needed in 6-foot-11 John Thompson and 6-foot-8 Bob Kovalski, deadly shooters in Ras Flynn and Jim Stone and a brilliant playmaker in howling Vinnie Ernst, a snub-nosed powerer with a knack for dribbling, faking and passing while on the dead run. "I remember when we used to play defense," recalled Mullane a bit sadly. "Well, we run and shoot now and the kids seem to like it." Indeed, the carefree Friars liked it so well that they ended the season with a 12-game winning streak.

But Providence's bad habits very nearly cost it dearly against Miami in the NIT quarter-finals. The fast-breaking Hurricanes appeared to be soundly trounced when Ernst's spectacular playmaking and the shooting of Flynn (38 points) and Stone (26) moved Providence out to a 90-71 lead with 5½ minutes to go. Then the Friars began to dwindle, and Miami, led by 7-foot-1 Mike McCoy, cut the margin to 94-92 with only 1:54 left. At this point Providence went back to its control game, with consider-

able success, and eventually won, 105-96.

Marquette, a running team that had routed St. Louis so easily in its first game, 84-49, tried a slowdown against Providence in the semifinals. But there was no slowing down the Friars. Ernst, his right leg full of soccerlike to deaden the pain of a pulled hamstring muscle suffered in the Miami game, besetled the Warriors with his passing and dribbling, Flynn floated in 25 points, and Providence won 70-64. There was, however, some consolation for Marquette. The Warriors later beat Villanova 66-58 for third place in the tournament.

Meanwhile, Canisius worked as way into the final, but not before Villanova's speedy guard, Wally Jones, its hard-working guard, gave the Griffins some trying moments. Scoring freely on his beautifully timed jump shot, Jones had 24 points, and Villanova was ahead 35-31 after four minutes of the second half. Then in came Pat Turtle, a 5-foot-11 guard who had broken his ankle in early February and played only briefly against Memphis State in the opening game, to stop Jones. Turtle, who quite obviously knew that Jones doesn't like to go to his left, was never more than a breath away from him for the rest of the game and Wally didn't get another point. In the meantime, Canisius found a way to crack Villanova's zone. Bill O'Connor moved up to a high post, Tom Gennari and Frank Swiatek shot over the dismayed Wildcats for 33 points and Canisius went on to win 61-46.

Canisius Coach Bob MacKinnon knew what to expect when his team met Providence in the final. "They'll beat us off the boards," he predicted grimly, "and that Chinese defense of theirs always gives us trouble." How right he was. Thompson bested O'Connor in a bruising hackboard battle and, when Thompson accumulated four fouls and had to move to the wing of Providence's zone, Kovalski came in to give the Canisius rebounder an equally hard time. Tom Chester and Gennari had some luck shooting over the tight Friar zone, and O'Connor managed to get away from his tormentors long enough to score 22 points, but this hardly matched Providence's offensive proficiency. With the ailing Ernst passing off for 10 baskets—and stealing the ball eight times—the Friars turned the game into a rout. Stone scored 23 points, Flynn (after losing the Most Valuable Player) poured in 20, mostly on high, arching jump shots from outside, and Providence won its 15th straight, 81-66. Even Coach Mullane was impressed. "Today they blended everything," he said contentedly. "That was their best game."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA The St. Louis Hawks, led by Bob Pettit's three-point shooting of 26 points, went ahead of Detroit 2-1 in the best-of-five playoff series. The winner plays Los Angeles in the Eastern Division. Cincinnati and Syracuse went into two games each. Boston will meet the winner.

BARTLETT 16 (JULIA) OBERLIN, led by Jerry Shipley's 22 points, ousted the Denver All Stars 106-70 and successfully defended their AAU basketball championship at Denver.

BORING—DAVEY MOORE, 26, of Springfield, Ohio, died of an injury to the brain stem suffered in a dilemma of his world featherweight title on Los Angeles against Sugar Ramos of Mexico City. Ramos scored a 100-round knockout over Moore to become the new champion last year (57). On the same card, Ray Rodriguez of Miami took away Eddie Goetz's world welterweight title in 15 rounds, and Roberto Cruz of the Philippines knocked out Raymond (Baffling) Torres of Mexico to win the world "junior" welterweight crown.

WILLIS PASTRANO of Miami and WAYNE THORNTON of Rutherford, Calif. fought to a draw in a lively light heavyweight bout at Madison Square Garden in New York.

GOLF—DAN SIKES, a slender 27-year-old who finished a five career in just the A-1 tour, won the \$50,000 Doran Open in Miami with a 72-hole, 3-under-par score of 281. Professional Lutes champion in 1959, Sikes' best major (his touring tour) victory was worth \$9,000. Sam Snead, who topped through the tournament on a score left 30, finished one stroke back. Terry Letta was third.

HOCKEY NHL TORONTO led its last two games to Detroit last month led Montreal 3-2 and won its first league championship in 15 years with a 3-2-12 record. Chicago (led with Montreal) gained an all-league, first Boston and second second place as the Canadiens were shut out 5-0 in their eighth New York. Detroit finished fourth. Gordie Howe wrapped up his last league scoring (16) with 16 points on 18 goals and 48 assists. Boston was last.

HORSE RACING—ABBY (15), running for the first time since he was injured in August, sailed out of the gate and won in his first race, the \$25,000 World Stakes for 3-year-olds at the Aqueduct season opener on a single kick. Ridden by jockey Marvin Hines, Abby won by a head in 1:10.5. ELSA (3) 440, coming out of a gap in the approach for the final time, won the \$100,000 John B. Campbell Handicap at Belmont and displaced Carry Back as the third-ranking millionaire horse in racing history. With jockey Carmel Valenzuela up, the filly was "swiftest" four-year-old gelding ran the 1 1/4 of a mile in 1:41. Beating Colonial Sires by 1/2 of a length. Only Round Table and Noddy went ahead of Abby, who has now earned \$1,218,740.

TUTANKHAMEN 45-90) topped over the lead after the final race and won the \$100,000 \$40,000 Dan Handicap on the grass at Gulfstream Park by 2 1/2 lengths over Pilioco. Under jockey Bill Minnerick, Tutankhamen ran the divided 2-28.

FLAUGHT A 16-year-old brown gelding ridden by Tommy Smith won the \$10,000 Roderick Road Yankee race on the Piedmont point-to-point track at Upperville, Va. It was Flaugher's third victory in the event and the first race of his career.

MOTOR SPORTS ENZO FERRARI has cars as durable as ever opened the 1961 season with a clean sweep at Sebring, taking the first six places, followed dutifully by Ferrari Jaguars and German Porsche four year olds. The overall winner was the Ferrari prototype No. 12 with Moss and John Surtees and Italian Ludovico Scarfiotti driving.

BOWING OXFORD overtook Cambridge at the two-mile mark and went on to an open bowlegged victory in the 10th running of the English boat race classic. The Oxford crew was steered by Duncan Spencer, 25, of New York, a former Yale stroke.

SWIMMING—UNIVERSITY OF DENVER won its third straight NCAA swim crown at Soldier Sea Area inside San Lake City. Swimming pool Colorado by three points. Darmstadt finished first in the men's 100-yard individual event. John Jones, 19-year-old Colorado sophomore, upset former U.S. Olympian Buddy Werner and Clark Pinner to win the slalom event. Colorado's Werner and Billy Martini finished with Western State's Dale Gorman in a tie for first in the down-ski slalom. Gorman of Western State took the cross-country and University of Washington's Tom Reed of Swimming won the 15-meter jumping event. Darmstadt's Ben Rigg won the slalom event. Batching higher among those who competed in all four events.

SWIMMING—INDIANA UNIVERSITY led to five victories, 22, who led in the 100- and 200-yard individual events and the 500-yard individual medley. Overstrengths won the team championship in the men's AAU indoor meet held in Yale University's 25-yard pool in New Haven last year (47). American records were set in all 14 events during the 10 days of the Southern California's fishman team involved around largely through the efforts of 18-year-old Ray Hunt, another triple event winner.

TRACK & FIELD—HENRY CARR, Jr. of Detroit, a track sophomore member at Arizona State University, broke beyond the world record for the 220-yard dash around a curve. Against time for 20.4, then 20.3. Carr did this later at Tempe. After JOHN PENNELL, of Miami 22, a senior at Southern California State College, set a new world outdoor pole-vault record with a leap of 16 feet 5 inches.

in the Memphis Relays. Pennell who used a Steegh's pole, suffered delays before making his record jump, once within the wind blew the bar off the standards and another wire when a shock was made to see if the starting box was set legal. It was the first time Pennell had cleared 16 feet.

HARVEY WHITE, 18, of Los Angeles, set a new Australian record in the 200-yard dash with a time of 24.8 in the Western AAU Indoor Championships at Columbia. Harvey, an American recruit, was breaking long one yard during the 12-year meet which saw 15 qualify for the U.S. team in the Pan American Games. The record was broken by a 2:13.4 400-yard run by Mrs. Leah Bennett, former of Baltimore, a 5:05-5/16 high jump by Finna Yarnagren, a 4:05-1/2 mile and 400-yard relay by the Los Angeles Marathons. Most White, Diana When, Margaret Billingsley and Jerry Lawson, a 1:10.4 400-yard relay by the Ohio Truck Club. Most, Rola Thompson, Laura Voss and Karen Davis and 57 seconds for the 400-yard run by Miss Knott.

WETTY CULBERT Australia's triple gold medal winner at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics broke her own world record for the 400-yard run with a time of 51.1 in the Australian women's championships at Brisbane, Australia.

WESTING-OHIO—OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY broke a tie with Iowa State on Mackey Martin's victory in the 150-pound class in the 1961 All-American wrestling at Kent, Ohio. Michigan finished third and DePaul of Chicago Oklahoma State, which had won the title the last two years, a close second. In the 175-pound class, the champions, Buck Maughn, Missouri State (115 pounds), Mike Nissen, Nebraska (125 pounds), Bill Deacon, State College of Ohio (137 pounds), Mike Nissen, Army (141 pounds), Kirk Pendleton, Lehigh (157 pounds), Jim Harrison, Pittsburgh (187 pounds), Dean Lyle, California (177 pounds), Jack Burdick, Michigan (191 pounds), and John Nardone, Syracuse (219 pounds).

WHEELER HIRSH BOE BOYD, 18, led 16 last 71 and successful basketball coach at Santa Ana (CA) Junior College where his teams compiled a 89-18 record. By Santa Ana.

HIRSH EDWARD HIRSCHSCHLICKER, 13, returned football to Santa Ana College, an head coach at Santa Ana University of Ohio, replacing John Polk, who resigned to become head coach at Yale.

RAFFINE—WARD HARTLEY, 42, the dean of Big Eight track coaches, from Kansas State University, after 15 years there.

RETIRED ZSIGMOND ADLER Hungarian boxing coach who supervised the training of European middleweight champion Laurie Pape. His doctor "I want to develop real opponents and not have training for him."

MORSE CHIEF AGGZEPHERS 13-year-old member of the NBA's Western Division, in Baltimore, giving that city its first NBA team since 1954.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DALE MILLER, 18, of Appleton, Utah, proved himself one of the U.S.'s most promising young skiers, winning the downhill and giant slalom the National Junior ski championships at Jackson, Wyo. He moved again in the slalom and failed to finish the alpine events.



GEORGE MCCALL teamed with fellow American Texas golfer Bruce Plett to win the Champions Cup at Houston with a 274, a tournament record. McCall, an end on four University of Texas football bowl teams, took four under par on the final round, one a 30-footer.



RUSSELL BALL of Brun Mass, Pa., boxing in the Florida Keys, hosted a huge 100-pound 4-ounce tappon on 12 pound 10 line after a 4-ounce battle with a remarkable victory that tips the International Game 10 Association tappon records for 12 and 20-pound line.



KIRK PENDLETON, 23, high jumper, was a member of Brun Athlon, Pa., beat Phil Kim-on of Oklahoma State 5-2 to win the NCAA 157-pound line. Undeclared in his straight dual meet, Pendleton had broken twice before, in 1961 and 1962, finish.



RAY DAY, 29, of El Paso, Texas, worked her way up into stable help to become trainer in New Mexico, personally became co-owner of a winning team of horses. Presently training six other horses, Day declares "For me there is no other life."



ED GOLDEN, Providence coach, led his Central East High School varsity team to its 51st straight high school dual meet victory and fifth state championship in a row. A track man, basketball and baseball player in college, Golden never swam on a school team.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BIRDS AND BULLS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article of March 11, *A Brave Matador Explains the Bullfight*. I'm sorry you don't publish more like it. I do not mean articles that simply try to justify bullfighting as an art. I mean technical articles on the subject. Such articles would be quite important this summer, when thousands of Americans (who yell for blood at boxing matches) angrily storm out of bull rings. Maybe the more intelligent ones would understand.

I was especially glad to see Antonio Ordóñez, the greatest *torero* of our time, as the subject of Robert Riger's art work. Two summers ago I was privileged to be a member of Ordóñez' *convite*, and toured Spain and France with him. Your magazine has shown great initiative in printing this article. I hope it will be the first of many. *Ole!*

JEFFREY LYONS

New York City

Sirs:

Despite your attempt to give "Matadora" Pat McCormick an aura of status, I lump her in the same class as women wrestlers.

B. F. CARLY

Fairfax, Va.

Sirs:

My hat is off to Patricia McCormick. There will never be another like her in a hundred years.

BILL REISMAN

Covington, Ky.

Sirs:

My hearty congratulations to those brave, fearless Texans who stood up and marched their wits, brains and priceless shotguns against man-eating pigeons in your March 18 issue (*A Bigger Pigeon Shoot*).

DOUGLAS CLEMENT

Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Your magazine we love, but your March 18 issue has shaken me to the roots. These people who do this—do they seek pity in their children to hear them cry?

NANCY T. WEBB

Ruxton, Md.

SMALL WORLD

Sirs:

Your article *A Big World for a Small Boat* (March 18) contained a statement, "He plays the net like McClellan took Richmond." McClellan got close but it took

him four years and an awful lot of men to succeed.

JIM CHAMBERS

Charlottesville, Va.

● You got it.—ED.

MAIL A HERO

Sirs:

Alfred Wright's article on Gary Player (*Player in Paradise*, March 18) stated, "It reminded me of how considerate and well-mannered Player has always been, qualities that have endeared him to his fellow pros." It could also have pointed out that he has endeared himself to the American public.

An example of this occurred last summer during a charity exhibition match held at the Spring Brook Country Club in Morristown, N.J., in which Gary and Sam Snead were challenged by two competent amateurs. The foursome was walking on to one of the greens, with Gary lagging a little behind, when my 10-year-old son, Curtis, who is not well enough drilled in the etiquette of a golf gallery, called out in not too loud a voice, "Hi, Gary."

After holing out, Gary walked over toward the crowd, searching for the owner of the young voice he had heard and asked, "Did someone call my name?"

Curtis raised his hand, whereupon Gary shook it heartily and exclaimed, "Glad to know you, young fellow."

You can well imagine who is the number one golf hero of the world in my family.

JOHN H. CAMPBELL

Ridgewood, N.J.

SAILING WITH CLASIS

Sirs:

It is fun to compare the speeds of the various one-design classes around a triangular course, but the results of same have no bearing on good one-design racing (*Two Halls Are Better Than One*, March 4). According to your article, all conventional sailboats are now extinct and must be scrapped, all racing skippers must purchase catamarans to keep up with the times. This is the same as saying that all sports car racing enthusiasts must have Indianapolis racers because they are the *fastest*.

Good one-design racing can be had in many classes of boats, and the utopia of one-design (in a particular class) is having boats that are all exactly the same, so that racing is a test of skipper and crew and not a test of boat speed. It takes more than just a good boat to have a good one-design racing,

you must also have organization so that boats will not be outbuilt, or features added that make them faster!

The quest for speed under sail is to be encouraged. We think that it is good for the sport to have people who can afford to experiment in this direction, but we must not lose sight of the fact that many of us sail conventional craft because of the advantages they offer for good racing.

ALBERT P. PELLOUX

Bay City, Mich.

BEHIND CARROT TOP

Sirs:

While it is true that Tom O'Hara has broken the four-minute barrier under the coaching of Jerry Weiland (*And Now There Are Two*, March 18), the story isn't complete without the contributions of Don Amdeis, now track coach at De Paul University.

When O'Hara came to Loyola from St. Ignace High School, he was a 4:20 miler. Working under Amdeis—then Weiland's assistant—the slender carrot-top took almost 19 seconds off his time in two years.

Another product of Amdeis' intelligent modern training program—Villanova middle-distance runner Tom Sullivan, a 4:03.5 high school miler for Amdeis at St. George High School.

PAUL C. O'SHEA

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

As a former very mediocre distance runner at both St. Ignace High School and Loyola University, I perhaps received even more enjoyment from your article on young Tom O'Hara than did others.

I was especially happy to see a reference to Tom's high school coach, Dr. Ralph Mailland. In his era of sophistication, when coaches "build character" in losing seasons, a tribute to Mal as a character builder may seem naive, but build character he does, and in the process he has also built some mighty fine football and track teams. More than any other man I have ever met, Ralph Mailland deserves the credit or blame for whatever I am some 24 years later. My biggest regret in no longer residing in Chicago is that my son will not have the opportunity of coming under Mal's direct influence.

This may be hero worship, but, if so, I packed a giant for my hero. I hesitate to sign this letter, since it would be equally sincere if signed with any of more than a thousand names.

WILLIAM A. WAITE

Canton, Ohio

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